THE ROYAL

FOURPENCE

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 16, Vol. III.—February, 1900.

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ALL GOOD CHILDREN TAKE—BEECHAM'S PILLS

AND USE

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE.

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TIME IS THIS LIFE'S RECKONER!

'Tell me what you LIKE, and I'll tell you what you ARE.'

Ruskin.

TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

The Transvaal !!

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN PARTS OF AFRICA.

LACK OF SANITATION IN JOHANNESBURG.

"*Lydenburg Camp, near Johannesburg, Transvaal.*

"I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you upon the WONDERFUL EFFECTS of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in CLEARING the BODY of ALL FOUL SECRETIONS. I may add that for the last twelve years I have never been without it. I spent four years in New Orleans and the West Indies, and although people DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED, and I feel sure that it was owing to my KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL and my Stomach in order by the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I came to this country eight years ago and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the Jameson Raid I and five companions volunteered for service in Matabeleland. I, of course, took a good supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me. I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed, the REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the Fly Country. Never in my life have I felt better, although FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG owing to LACK of SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, 'TRUTH,' Nov. 16, 1896."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS. Its effect on a disordered or FEVERISH CONDITION is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

Caution.—*See Capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'. Without it you have a WORTHLESS imitation.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, London, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

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Established in the Reign of King George III.,

For Solid 18-carat Gold (Government Hall-marked) Rings at Manufacturer's Cash Prices.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS, Set with Real Diamonds, Rubies, Pearls, Opals, &c., &c., Post Free to any Address in the World. Money returned in full if not approved of within 7 days.

Two Rubies, six Pearls and one Diamond, 18/6.

Diamond Cluster with Ruby Centre, £2 10 0.

Handsome Pink Coral, 24/6.

Single Brilliant Diamond, 21/-

Three Sapphires and four Diamonds, £4 10 0.

One Diamond and two Rubies, 27/6.

SPECIALITY:—Solid Guinea-Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers. Price Lists Free.

JOHN MYERS & COMPANY, LIMITED, Ring Manufacturers,

131a and 135a, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

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SOLE MAKERS OF

THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

Design No. 145.

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SKIRT ONLY, 5/6.

BUY DIRECT by Parcel Post from the Leading Firm of LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

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A SPECIAL LINE in **Ladies' Costume Skirts,** Black and Navy Serge, lined through, price only **3/11**; carriage 5d. extra.

In sending order, give measurement round bust, under arms, waist, and length of skirt in front.

NEW SHOWROOM Now Open.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Costumes and Mantles of every description.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
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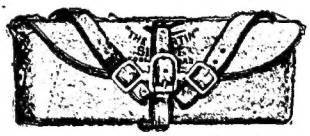
Design No. 415. **10/6.**

The Martin-Silent Cycle Tool Bag.
Always Neat and Tidy.



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New Lists now ready—post free.

Martins-Birmingham, Limited.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE
FOR MODELLING

Unlocks a veritable **TREASURE HOUSE** FOR THE

DELIGHT OF CHILDREN and HOME AMUSEMENT.

They can Model ANYTHING with it.

BUY A BOX, AND MAKE THEM HAPPY!

1/3, or the Complete Modeller with Plasticine in 4 colours, tool, illustrated guide, and all requisites **2/10**, post free, from

Wm. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., Bath (E.1).

SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL.

Sold in Boxes **1s., 2s. 6d.,** and **4s. 6d.** each, by Chemists, Grocers, Ironmongers, &c.

RICH IN FLAVOUR. — APPETISING.

GRANT'S SCOTCH OAT FLOUR

PURE IN QUALITY. — STRENGTHENING.

Carefully prepared from the finest Scotch Oats. Its unrivalled flesh-forming and bone-producing properties constitute it an invaluable food for Young Children, Invalids, or Adults.

Ask your Grocer for it. Sample 1-lb. Tins **1s.**, *sent Post Free.*

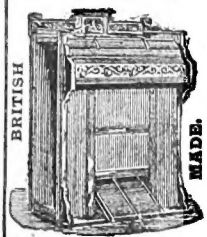
PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER—

JOHN GRANT, Craig Mills, DUNDEE.

Makers of Grant's Guaranteed Pure Scotch Oatmeal.

MAXFIELD AUTOMATIC ORGANS

With Keyboard combined.



Giving great satisfaction and pleasure everywhere. Anyone can play them with grand effect.

Prices, 25/- to £25

Special Discount for Cash to Customers mentioning this magazine. Music from 3d. per Tune. Will play every description of music with accuracy and refinement. Gives more pleasure in one week than an ordinary piano or organ would in 12 months.

Send for Lists and Testimonials.

CARRIAGE PAID. Best value
FREE TRIAL. now in the
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SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

(Mutual) Life Assurance Society A.D. 1815

The Whole Funds and Profits Belong

to the Policyholders, the latter being divided among them alone, and the result is that the Bonus Additions and other Financial Advantages accruing to their Policies have been unusually large, as clearly shown in the Tables in the Prospectus relating practically to every existing Policy.

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A CANDY SALESMAN AND DR. TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

"KEEPS ME GOING UNTIL I FINISH."

Mr. F. M. BARBER, Candy Salesman, Bath Square, Bath Street, Northampton, writes:—

"I think I am only doing right to add my testimony to the others I have read of. I find that DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA has all the good qualities attributed to it. I am a well-known market salesman travelling the Midland districts. I have often to catch a train in the early morning, and have no time to wait for breakfast. I get to the market I am going to, arrange for ground, and by the time I have my wares displayed it is time for doing business. Therefore I do not get breakfast, and perhaps not dinner until the market finishes—generally 4.30. In the meantime I send a lad to some house with my tin of DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA, paying them a small fee to make me a jugful. This keeps me going all right until I finish. Many of my friends in the same business do as I do.

"I am sure I wish you every success. In markets and trains, among strangers or friends, I shall always recommend VI-COCOA.

"You can use this if you like."

DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA can be obtained from all Grocers, Chemists and Stores, or from 60, 61 and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

DAINTY SAMPLE FREE ON APPLICATION.

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Direct from the Potteries.

CHARMING QUEEN WARE WHITE CHINA TEA SERVICE

8/6 Carefully Packed. Package Free.

This really superior Tea Set is now offered direct to the public by the manufacturers at first cost. It comprises 12 cups and saucers, 12 plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 1 slop bowl, 1 cream jug, in all 40 pieces. Every piece in the service is exquisitely finished and guarantees satisfaction to every customer.

Our **Breakfast Service,** also in **Queen Ware White China,** is exceptional value. It consists of 6 breakfast bowls and saucers, 6 breakfast plates, 2 bread and butter plates, 6 egg cups, 1 slop bowl, 1 sugar bowl, and 1 milk jug, in all 29 *pieces*: for **8/6.** Carefully packed: package free.

Send 8/6 for Sample Service to-day.

100 pieces of **Queen Ware White China** for a Guinea. SAMPLE Cup and Saucer post free for 9 stamps. FREE! Every housewife who studies economy should send for our Catalogue.

STEPHEN PEARCE, 18, PAYNTER-ST., FENTON, STAFFORDSHIRE.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH?

DR. GABRIEL, M.D., L.R.C.P.

writes from Routh Park, Cardiff, Sept. 28th.

"I have now prescribed them for the "last 8 years in my hospitals and private "practice, and find them of great benefit. "I certainly and most strongly "recommend them."

Sold everywhere in Tins 1/1½ each.

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

With the **Century Thermal Improved** (Self-purifying, Folding) **Bath Cabinet** you can take Turkish, Vapor, and Medicated Baths at home, even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. You save breathing hot air; save exposure to cold air afterward; save inconvenience, time and expense. The cost is three halfpence per bath. *The* **Century Cabinet** *is made of Hygienic Waterproof Cloth over a steel frame. Folds into 2 in. space. Weighs with Spirit Stove complete less than 20 lbs. Is set up,* **heated** *and ready for use in five minutes.*

FOR THE SICK A Turkish Bath brings tiny streams of impurities from five million pores at once. Sweats from the system all impure matter, giving robust health and strength, preventing and curing disease. Cures **Rheumatism,** a Hard Cold, and breaks up all symptoms of Fever with one bath. Immediate relief in cases of insomnia, blood, skin, nerve, kidney diseases, and Female complaints. **Reduces Surplus Flesh.**

FOR THE WELL The Turkish Bath aids one to keep well. It frees the system regularly from all waste and impurities. It keeps the mind and body up to the highest vigor. It rests the tired, quiets the nervous, and makes the sleepless sleep. It removes from the skin all that clogs and discolours it, clearing the complexion. It takes out of the skin more uncleanliness than a common bath washes off from it. Gives all the invigorating, cleansing, and purifying effects of the most luxurious medicated bath, and is a luxury that quickly becomes a habit.

LADIES should use the **Complexion Steamer.** It gives the face the same vapour treatment as the body. Clears the skin of pimples and blotches, leaving it clean and soft as velvet. Invaluable for the successful treatment of Catarrh & Asthma.

THE CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET

Is in every respect the best one on the market. We do not compare it with the worthless affairs, too bothersome to use. We guarantee that it is better than the best of the good ones. We sell on trial, to be returned at our expense if not as represented

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE LAST YEAR.

PRICES of Cabinets, complete with heater, range from 25/- to 70/-

AGENTS WANTED, Both Sexes. Large Commission. We Furnish Capital.

FREE sample of goods and valuable book on "HEALTH & HYGIENE," with medical testimonials to all who write. Formula furnished for every description of medicated bath. **The L. T. CENTURY THERMAL BATH CABINET CO., REGENT HOUSE (Just below Jay's), REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**

TAKE STEPS TO SECURE *THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE*

WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS for Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation

INVALUABLE FOR LADIES.

7½d., 1/1½d. and 2/9 per Box.

8, CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET, E.C.

SIXTY YEARS SUCCESS.

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SULPHOLINE ☼

SHILLING BOTTLES **SKIN LOTION**

GIVES A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

clears off Pimples, Blotches, Spots, Roughness, all Disfigurements, and Cures Irritation. Develops a Clear, Smooth, Healthy Skin.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Underclothing Houses and Chemists, or, 1 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 2/-; 1 doz. No. 3, **SANITARY** 1/6; post free. A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady naming this Magazine.

MISS HAYNES, 155, Fann St., London, E.C. **TOWEL** FOR LADIES.

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MILK

is one of the

Most Dangerous Foods!

THIS opinion was expressed by the late SIR RICHARD THORNE THORNE (The CHIEF INSPECTOR of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD), in a lecture to the Royal British Nurses' Association, on the 2nd of December, 1899. He also stated that "34 out of 40 of the Queen's Cows had been slaughtered, as they were found to be suffering from Tuberculosis," that is to say their milk contained the germs of consumption, and that "90 out of every 100 milch cows in the country were diseased!!!"

Milk is also particularly liable to contamination from other sources, and often contains—

1. **GERMS OF SCARLET FEVER.**
2. **GERMS OF DIPHTHERIA.**
3. **GERMS OF TYPHOID FEVER.**
4. **GERMS OF FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.**

A recent Royal Commission, the entire Medical Profession, the War Office, the Local Government Board, etc., etc., recommend that all milk should be sterilized.

THE AYMARD

. . . PATENT . . .

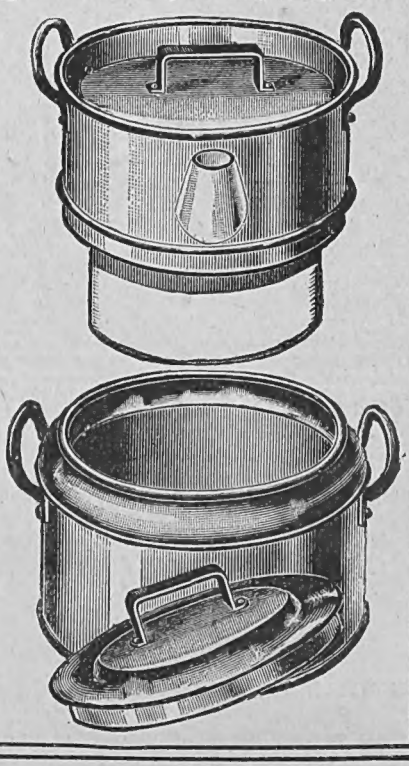
MILK STERILIZER

is a simple and perfect Apparatus, and should be in every kitchen. If used once daily for a few minutes, the whole of the milk required for the next 24 hours will be freed from germs, and the whole of the cream and albumin—which forms into scum when milk is boiled—will be retained. Milk that has not been properly sterilized is such a dangerous food, that those who allow it to be served to their families take a great responsibility.

MILK STERILIZED IN AYMARD'S STERILIZER

CONTAINS NO GERM OF DISEASE,
HAS NONE OF THE NASTY TASTE OF BOILED MILK,
HAS NO SCUM UPON IT,
IS MORE EASILY DIGESTED THAN RAW OR BOILED MILK.

If in doubt ask your Medical Man.



Aymard's Patent Milk Sterilizer *can be obtained from or through any of the Stores, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c., at prices as below; but in the event of would-be purchasers finding the slightest difficulty in getting their wants supplied, they are requested to remit with their orders direct to the factory, where full stocks are kept. Address:—*

The Aymard Patent Milk Sterilizer Co., St. Matthew's Works, Ipswich.

PRICES and SIZES.

Sizes.	1 pnt.	2 pnts.	3 pnts.	4 pnts.	1 gal.	2 gals.
Prices.						
With Enamelled Iron Milk Chamber.	5/6	7/6	10/6	14/6	23/6	33/6
With Tin Milk Chamber.	3/6	5/6	7/6	10/6	18/6	27/6

LARGER SIZES, up to 36 gallons, are suitable for large Institutions, Military Depots, Hospitals, Hydropathic Establishments, Asylums, and large Schools. Particulars on application.

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OVER SEVENTY YEARS' ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.

NEAVE'S FOOD

FOR

INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

"This is an excellent Food admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons; and, being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

HAS FOR SOME TIME BEEN USED IN THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

A most Nutritious Food for Nursing Mothers.

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

DRESSED IN SILK YET CLEANING GRATES

cannot be done with an old-fashioned style of stove polish.

Enameline

is applied with a cloth, and gives a brilliant polish without labour, dust, or odour. Polishes at a touch. Shines quick as a wink.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

The Modern Methods of Fresh Air, Over-Feeding and Rest are not alone sufficient.

IN USE 70 YEARS

CONGREVE'S BALSAMIC ELIXIR

IS STILL NEEDFUL AND SUCCESSFUL

Sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Pamphlet by Mr. G. T. CONGREVE sent by post from Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E., on receipt of sixpence.

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Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our mail system. We teach **Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Machine Design,** Electro-Therapeutics, Short Popular Electrical Course, &c., by mail. Study in spare time only. Institute endorsed by Thomas A. Edison, and other prominent men of U.S. and England. Catalog free. Electrical Engineer Institute, Dept. 29, 120, Liberty Street, New York, U.S.A.

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For ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56 in. wide, 6/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides, 11½d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Figured Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/-. Sample Book of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, CRETONNES, TAPESTRIES, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, &c., Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS

DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE.

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL.—1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

GORRINGE ART CARPETS.

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft. 11 3; 9 ft. by 9 ft. 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft. 15/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/6; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft. 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft. 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-. HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 87a Dept., Nottingham.

LOW'S ASIATIC DEPILATORY

Will remove superfluous hair instantly and permanently without pain or injury to the skin. Put up in sealed bottles, of all Chemists, price **2 6,** or packed free from observation, post free, **2 9.** The noted preparation of Low, Son & Co., Perfumers to the Courts of George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide.

81, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

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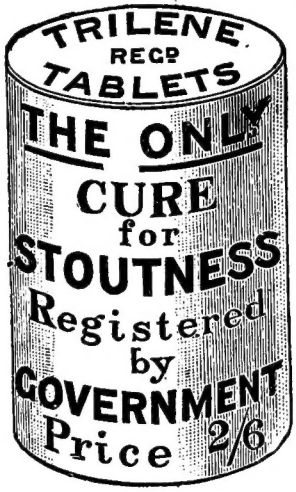
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

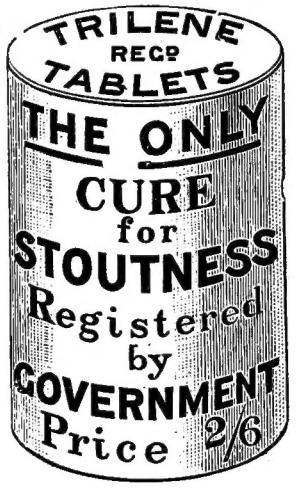


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to ***Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association,*** *66, Finsbury Pavement, London.*

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. Samuel Craig, of Frocess National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

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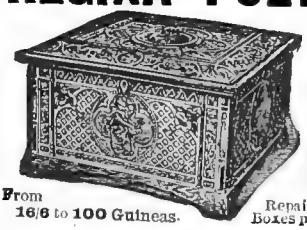

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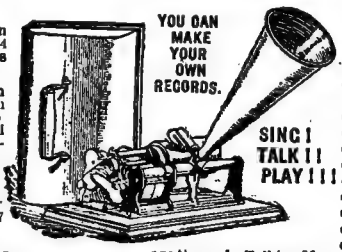

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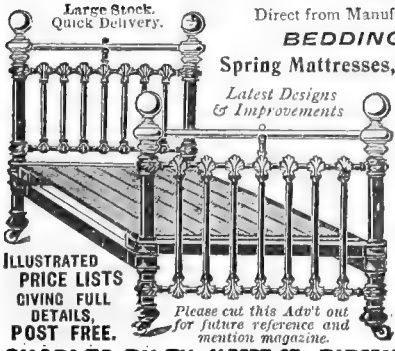

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Photo by Count Luigi Primoli.

THE LOVE LETTER.

Photo by Lafayette.

The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

Portrait Photography.

For a beginner there is nothing so easy to photograph as still life. Yet for everyone there is nothing so fascinating as portraiture.

After all, who has not found that one of the first uses to which a new camera is put is to take portraits of one's friends and relations? Nowadays everyone is resigned to becoming a model for, at least one sitting. Cameras are so universal that if you insist on taking an individual's likeness, you may be tolerably sure it is only a case of the biter being bitten. What you are doing to him he has done to many others.

The results, however, are, as a rule, dreadfully disappointing. Of course, it is quite obvious for whom the portrait is meant, yet the brand of the amateur is woefully plain. There is a something, an indefinable something, that inexorably brings the photograph down to the level of a mere amateur effort. You make heaps of allowances, you may see a speaking likeness, and yet—well, there it is—the result is unsatisfactory.

The Reason of Failure.

Naturally there is a reason for this result—there always is a reason for everything—and the reason for the ugly appearance of amateur photographs is that amateurs do not understand the art of lighting. I am not sure but that I should be correct in saying that in amateur portrait photographs there is usually an "absence" of lighting! Lighting is, in truth, the art of portraiture, and whilst I may be able to help some of my readers on the line leading to success, I cannot hope to do more. Actual success can only be attained after endless failures and after considerable practice.

A portrait taken in a diffused light that falls with equal strength on all parts of the face will not be a success. It may be a likeness, but it will be branded as an amateur effort, and only "good considering" —the effect will be woefully flat.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

Watching the Gold Fish.

A Useful Book.

A very excellent little book has just been written by Richard Penlake, called "Home Portraiture." The amateur desirous of achieving some respect-

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able photographs of friends and relations can learn a wonderful deal by a perusal of it. In the space at my disposal I cannot hope to give an equal amount of assistance. Some of the suggestions, however, contained in the book are, I fancy, just the very thing numbers of my readers are on the look out for. They are not, perhaps, entirely original—nothing under the sun is new—but they bring the positive requirements of portrait photographing into a small limit and well within the means of those unable to afford elaborate outfits.

Some Hints. Obviously there are two ways of taking a portrait — viz., indoors and out of doors. Now, the primary feature with respect to either is that of proper lighting. To place the sitter well in the open, with the light falling on her (young ladies, as a rule, are the victims most easily to be inveigled into posing as models) from every direction is, as I have already pointed out, to court almost certain failure. But place her and your camera near a wall, so that the light only falls on one side of the lady's face, and you are on the high road to success.

You do not want strong sunlight, that makes white patches and black shadow. A diffused light is the thing enabling you to obtain soft half-tones.

Indoor Portraiture. Indoors, you will not get a satisfactory picture if you simply place your sitter close up against a window, for the contrast between the light side and the shadow side of the face will be hopeless. You must employ reflectors of some sort or another, but the simplest plan, as Mr. Penlake points out, is, if you have a white or very light-coloured blind to the window, to pull it down and then catch it up half-way with a strip of wood and tie it back towards the middle of the room, on to the chandelier, for instance. The result is a species of canopy stretching overhead and down on the side opposite the window. The sitter in this way has the light reflected downwards on to the top of her head, and also on to that side of her face which is in shadow.

This method of reflecting light upon all sides of a sitter is very simple and practicable, and requires so little in the way of particular

Photo by Knaffl Bros.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

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Photo by Lallie Garet Charles.

THE VEIL LIFTED.

apparatus that no amateur need find any difficulty in "placing" his subject and obtaining a good portrait. It goes without saying that the nearer to white the colour of the blind may be the more light will be collected and reflected upon the person who is having his or her photograph taken. This is an indirect answer to many letters I have

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Photo by Charles Barstow.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

received from amateurs, complaining of their inability to get good "effects," owing to their non-possession of a well-fitted studio. Necessity is the mother of Invention.

Of course, there are other methods of obtaining reflected light. By stretching a piece of white paper on a clothes-horse, you get an excellent reflector, the only difficulty being

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Photo by Lallie Garet Charles.

The New Parasol.

the angle of reflection. I have seen a splendid result obtained by getting someone to hold a newspaper at the correct angle. Anyhow, it is only a matter of a little thought and a little ingenuity.

Having arranged your sitter, the fixed focus camera I mentioned recently will give you a first-rate little picture. Of course, you must make a time exposure, the length varying with the strength of the light, which should not be direct sunlight.

Photographing Lightning.

From time to time some very remarkable photographs of lightning have appeared in various more or less scientific papers. Some of my readers might like to try their hands at taking such pictures, although, perhaps, the tendency of, at any rate, my lady readers, would be to get as far from the sight of lightning as possible.

Of course, there is something very terrible and terrifying in a severe storm. Yet there is nothing more wonderful or awe-inspiring. Not that a photograph of lightning is awe-inspiring. Nor is it a picture. But it certainly is very interesting, and I can commend the task of photographing lightning to my more adventurous friends.

As a matter of fact, there is only one really good way. You must fix your camera some stormy night on a tripod, or in some firm manner, and focus, if it focuses, for a distance. Of course, for a good effect, you must use a focusing camera with wide-angled lens. Having stopped down to f.32 and pointed the camera towards the spot where you might expect a flash, take off the cap, leaving the plate exposed. Wait for a flash, and then change your film or plate and go on shooting in the hope that one or two of your half-a-dozen may prove to have been successful. If you don't catch a flash, you may, at any rate, catch a cold.

Mounting Our Stereoscopic Pictures.

A correspondent—really I'm getting a severe correspondence — writes suggesting what appears to me to be a very excellent method of mounting the stereoscopic pictures at the end of each number of the Royal Magazine.

The chief object, of course, is to preserve each picture on either end of the paper. Otherwise, if you buy two copies and simply cut out each picture and paste down why — there you are. But that is rank extravagance. This method is economy itself. I am, however, by no means sure that merely pasting each picture on to a mount is very much simpler than my correspondent's method.

Photo by C. F. Inston.

In the Bird Market.

Google

Photo by W. T. Davidson.

WINTER.

Google

Photo by J. M. Whitehead.

Why the Dinner was Late.

Moreover, it does not destroy the gloss on the face of the paper.

You take two pieces of thin card-board cut down to a size that will fit your stereoscope, or two mounting cards would do. Then with a sharp knife you cut out of the centre of each a piece the exact size of one of the pictures. This will give you two card-board mounts, after the style one uses for a picture.

Now take one of these mounts and gum or paste all over one side, and place on it the picture cut out of the magazine. Then gum or paste the other card-board mount and lay it on the picture, so that the edges of the picture are sandwiched, as it were, all round. Press the pieces of card-board together, and put the result under a weight until the gum is dry.

Photographing on Silk.

It must often have struck readers of this article how very nice it would be to print photographs on silk or fine linen.

Of course, the material should be smooth and fine, and not too thick. The first thing to do is to remove everything in the way of "dressing." This is done by boiling the stuff in some water to which a small quantity of potash has been added. Having boiled, rinse out the material in cold water. Now dry it well, and then proceed to albumenise it.

For this you must prepare a mixture consisting of thirty grains ammonium chloride, nine ounces of water, and the whites of two eggs. You must carefully beat up the whites and allow the froth to disappear. Finally you strain the mixture.

You now take the material and float it upon, or dip it into, the preparation, and then stretch it out flat to dry.

Up to this point you may work in daylight. As soon as the silk is dried, you must dip it into a mixture consisting of seventy grains nitrate of silver, and one ounce of distilled water. You must leave it in this mixture for three or four minutes, but this time in the dark room.

Once again stretch the fabric out flat to dry. As soon as it is dry you can print on it from the negative, and tone and fix as you would ordinary sensitised paper. The whole operation should be done in one day.

Photo by Lafayette.

A Dandy of the Directory.

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Mr. Crole-Rees' Manœuvre

By

W. Alexander Ross.

I.

Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees, of Chicago, were breakfasting in the *salle-à-manger* at the Hotel Victoria. They had been in London four days.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees in his usual slow nasal drawl, as he put down the newspaper which his wife had just passed him, "but the blamed thing will cost a pile of dollars."

Mrs. Crole-Rees, a vivacious little brunette on the sunny side of forty, stirred her coffee vigorously.

"And why not? That De Lisle pink pearl has the biggest history of any pearl on the face of this earth."

"M'yes," assented Mr. Crole-Rees dubiously; and then he added in a tone that was not dubious, "And the biggest price."

"That's so. And we are the people who can pay the biggest price. The chance to acquire that pink pearl is the chance of the century."

"M'yes," put in the man discouragingly.

"The chance of this century," persisted the lady; "and it will give me the reputation of owning the finest set of pink pearls in the universe."

"M'yes. But——"

"The finest set of pink pearls in the universe," reiterated the lady. "You read what the newspaper people said?"

Mr. Crole-Rees opened his mouth to say he had, but he saw that his wife was opening out the newspaper, so, like a wise man, he held his peace.

"See here, now," she said, "what they say, 'The De Lisle pink pearl, which is about to be put up for sale in a London auction-room, has a record which gives it a unique position among the historical jewels of the world. The largest known specimen of the pink pearl, its pedigree goes back into the misty depths of a remote antiquity. Possibly the tradition which ascribes the possession of this priceless pearl, at one period of its history, to Cleopatra is not sufficiently supported by evidence to justify its complete acceptance; but the authenticity of the record of its connection with the most splendid period of Venetian history, and some of the most dramatic tragedies that were enacted in the city of the Grand Doges, is undoubted, equally as is that of its brief and fatal connection with the famous Medici family through whom it came into France, and subsequently into the hands of the De Lisles, the last of whom was among the victims of the guillotine. Among all the weird and lurid episodes of the Reign of Terror, there is none, perhaps, more strange than that in which the pearl was picked out of the basket at the foot of the guillotine—whither it had fallen with the head of the

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Comte De Lisle, who had carried it as the talisman of his family—and held aloft, its delicate hue stained and darkened with the life-blood of the Comte, while the crowd danced the Carmagnole.'"

Mrs. Crole-Rees stopped out of breath, and shot a glance of triumphant enquiry at her husband.

"M'yes," he drawled. "I guess I've read all that."

"Well?" queried the lady sharply.

"And I guess I've read the next paragraph too, which, judging from your remarks, you have not."

The lady turned her attention to the paper in a hurry.

"If she is not just the meanest woman alive!" she exclaimed when she had finished reading.

"M'yes. Nellie Jowle-Jones can make a record in that particular line when she feels like it."

"She shall not have the De Lisle pink pearl! I'll buy it against her if it costs you every dollar you own!"

Having given utterance to this comforting assurance, Mrs. Crole-Rees rose from the table and swept out of the room like a minor whirlwind. Mr. Crole-Rees watched her thoughtfully while he gnawed at the end of a tooth-pick. He shook his head slowly.

"She will, too," he mused sadly, and, sticking a green cigar between his lips, he got up and stalked out of the room, chewing the end steadily.

The paragraph which had so excited Mrs. Crole-Rees' wrath, was one stating that among the passengers arrived the previous day by the *Germanic*, was Mrs. Jowle-Jones, the wealthy Chicago widow whose collection of pearls was almost the finest in the world, and who, it was said, had come to England specially to purchase the De Lisle pearl.

There had always been keen rivalry between Mrs. Crole-Rees and Mrs. Jowle-Jones from their youth up. When Mrs. Crole-Rees married the wealthy pork-packer who had made her Mrs. Crole-Rees, the other woman immediately became Mrs. Jowle-Jones, with a still wealthier pork-packer for a spouse, and a brisk competition had set in between the two. It had been pretty even running until Mrs. Jowle-Jones went to the funeral of Mr. Jowle-Jones and started starring as a wealthy widow. The other woman could not forgive her that widowhood, and hence it came that when the widow started to make a record collection of pink pearls, Mrs. Crole-Rees at once went into the same line of business. She had been pretty lucky so far, and was congratulating herself that the widow had not got wind of the coming of the De Lisle jewel into the market, when, just a week before the auction, the arrival of the widow on a similar mission was announced with a flourish of newspaper trumpets.

II.

Bidding for the De Lisle pearl had begun. The auction room was crowded, and the

Mrs. Crole-Rees swept out of the room like a minor whirlwind.

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"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees; "we have struck a deal at just one hundred thousand dollars."

auctioneer was rattling along with marvellously picturesque fluency on the uniqueness of the pearl and its extraordinary wealth of historical associations.

Mrs. Crole-Rees had been one of the earliest arrivals, but she had not so far come into the bidding. She seemed curiously elated, and yet there was a touch of anxiety in her elation. Mrs. Jowle-Jones was not present. Mr. Crole-Rees, when she drew his attention to the fact, laconically remarked that she was probably bidding through an agent. As the bids mounted up and up till they neared £20,000, Mr. Crole-Rees chewed harder and harder at the unlighted cigar he held between his teeth.

"Nineteen thousand pounds are offered for this pearl of pearls—for the centre—the epitome of half the romance of ancient and modern history. Ladies and gentlemen, this price is absurdly low for the favourite jewel of Cleopatra—the pearl that Cæsar coveted and Antony admired."

Then Mrs. Crole-Rees came into the bidding.

"Twenty thousand pounds!" she cried, in her clear, high-pitched voice.

"Twenty thousand pounds!" echoed the man in the rostrum, and took up his parable again, while all eyes turned to the corner of the room where the latest bidder stood.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" muttered Mr. Crole-Rees, ruefully. He was fairly eating his cigar now.

The seconds slipped by but no advance on the £20,000 bid was offered. A flush of triumph began to suffuse Mrs. Crole-Rees' face.

"For the second time, twenty thousand pounds," said the auctioneer.

Mrs. Crole-Rees looked round with feverish anxiousness. The man in the rostrum romanced and cajoled. But still there was no advance.

"For the third and last time, twenty thousands pounds. The pearl of pearls going for a mere bagatelle. Is the age of chivalry dead?"

Mr. Crole-Rees sighed as he thought of the many thousands of hogs that were being offered up as a sacrifice by his wife to obtain that pearl, and swallowed the juice of his semi-masticated cigar in big gulps. His wife could hardly breathe as she waited the end.

The ivory hammer came down with a sharp rap at last. It rang through the silent room with startling distinctness, and the De Lisle pink pearl was the property of Mrs. Crole-Rees. But before the buzz of voices had time to begin, the doors of the auction room were violently thrust open, and Mrs. Jowle-Jones burst breathlessly in. Her hat was awry, and her dress was torn and dusty.

"Am I in time?" she panted. Then as the truth dawned on her she pushed her way over to Mr. and Mrs. Crole-Rees. "You have bought it?" she demanded.

"M'yes," said Mr. Crole-Rees; "we have struck a deal at just one hundred thousand dollars."

"You wouldn't have had it for two hundred thousand dollars if the horses hadn't bolted with my carriage, and made me late," was all she said in reply.

Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed derisively as the widow turned away. Something in that laugh of his wife's struck Mr. Crole-Rees. He shot a keen glance at her, and then a sudden light dawned on him. The remnant of his cigar dropped to the ground.

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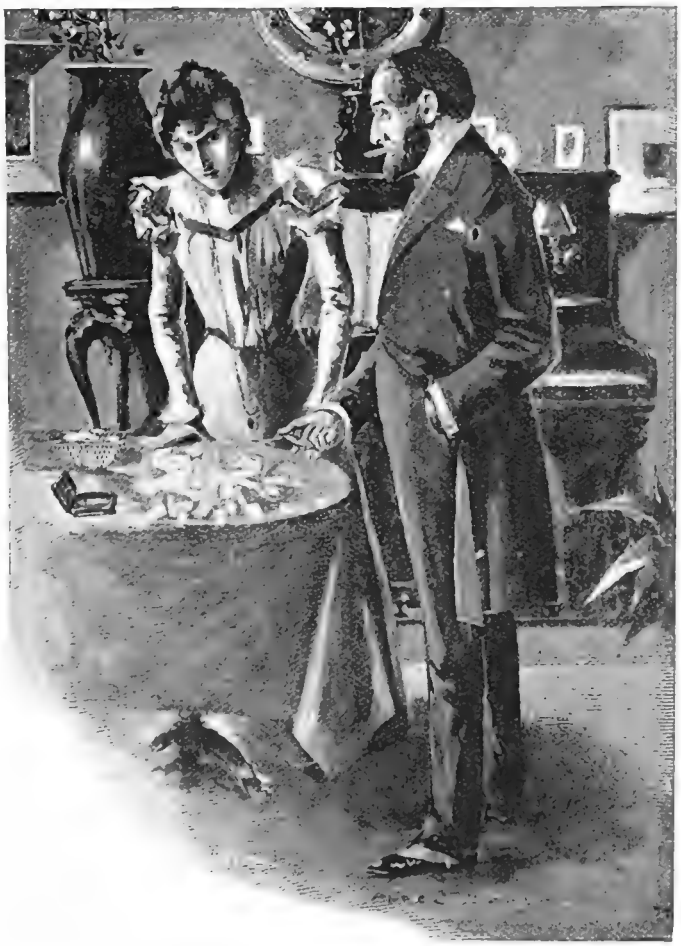
"Great Jehoshophat!" he ejaculated, "that was a smart trick!"

III.

The next few days were not happy days for the husband of the owner of the pink pearl. Their rooms at the Hotel Victoria were invaded by crowds of people who came to view the pearl. All day long two detectives were on duty, and at night the jewel reposed in a safe in the bedroom. Mrs. Crole-Rees took the key to bed with her.

On the afternoon of the third day, Mr. Crole-Rees was stalking abstractedly along Wardour Street, smoking his inevitable green cigar. He was mourning the hundred thousand dollars sunk in the Pink Pearl, and anathematising the day his wife ever started as a pearl collector. He was sick of the pearl. It was pink pearl everywhere. If a compatriot met him he talked pink pearl. If he picked up a newspaper a pink pearl paragraph hit him in the face. In the stilly watches of the night, his pearl-proud wife woke him up to retail to him some fresh legend regarding its history, which had been imparted to her during the day. His letters reeked of it. People he had never heard of wrote to him by the thousand. He had had ten pink pearl waltzes sent to him by talented but impecunious composers, with gentle suggestions that he should acknowledge the compliment of the dedication by taking a hundred copies at full published price. Agents from all the safe makers in the universe found their way to the Hotel Victoria, while the number of the insurance men was as the sand of the sea. In brief, as he remarked to a friend long after, he had a "pink and purple time of it."



"I have heard of honourables who have suffered from kleptomania," drawled Mr. Crole-Rees.

In the streets alone could he find peace. That was why he had walked about London for three days. He had nearly reached the end of Wardour Street, when he noticed a little knot of people looking into a shop window on the other side. He stalked across.

The centre of interest was a shabby jewel case, which had above it a card with the following inscription:

A PERFECT REPLICA OF THE £20,000
DE LISLE PINK PEARL
Modelled at the request of
NAPOLEON THE III.
FOR THE FIRST PARIS EXHIBITION.

What Mr. Crole-Rees said when he caught sight of the inscription does not matter. It was only one word, but it made a curate, who

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was in the crowd, cough deprecatingly and hurry away.

Mr. Crole-Rees stood looking at the counterfeit of his wife's pearl for a long time, thinking thoughts that were lurid. Suddenly he was smitten with a great idea, and the next moment he was in the shop. When he left the replica of the pink pearl was missing from the shop window, and he was smoking with more real enjoyment than had been his for many days.

The interest he took in the real pearl when he got back to the Hotel Victoria was amazing. He looked it over again and again. He took it to the light, where, as his back was turned to his wife, he could compare it with the replica he had purchased in Wardour Street unobserved. Presently he put the case down, and sat tugging at his door-knocker beard with an air of preternatural suspicion.

"Say," he remarked to his wife at length, "there has been a darned lot of people to see this hundred thousand dollar pearl."

"All the best people in London have been, and the Jowle-Jones widow is just mad about it."

"M'yes," drawled her husband, still tugging at his beard. "I guess she would be a considerable trifle madder if she knew that you bribed the coachman to make the horses run away with her carriage on the morning of the sale."

Mrs. Crole-Rees laughed pleasantly at the recollection, while her husband continued tugging at his beard.

"It was smart," he said presently, "but it was mean. Say, now, do you know who all these people are who have been here hanging around the pearl?"

She reached for a basket heaped with visiting cards.

"There!" she said.

He picked up a handful of them and spread them out on the table.

"M'yes—they are kind of imposing," he said slowly. "I suppose they have handled the pearl."

"Why, certainly!"

"M'yes," drawled Mr. Crole-Rees as he continued turning the cards over, "the honourables, and the earls, and the countesses, and the comtes, and the dowagers have been hanging around the pearl pretty considerably. I have heard of honourables who have suffered from kleptomania."

"Kleptomania!" echoed the lady in bewilderment.

"M'yes, kleptomania—powerful bad some of them."

He picked up the pearl, and, placing it on the palm of his hand, held it towards his wife. "It seems to me," he went on impressively, "that there is something queer about this—something I don't recognise."

She snatched up the pearl and held it close to the light. There was no mistaking the meaning of her husband's remark. The first glance seemed to reassure her, but as she looked closer her heart began to sink. There was something strange—something indefinable about the pearl she held in her hand, which it had not seemed to possess before. She dropped into a chair with a gasp of despair.

"Do you think——?" she faltered.

Mr. Crole-Rees did not reply for a few seconds, but went on turning over the pile of visiting cards.

"I do that! One hundred thousand dollars is a blamed tall price for this collection of aristocratic visiting cards."

"It can't be true," cried Mrs. Crole-Rees desperately, as she held the pearl close to the light again. "It would be no use to anybody—no value to anyone—it can't be sold—one might just as well try to sell the Koh-i-Noor."

"Perhaps not," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees drily. "Perhaps they don't want to. Seems to me that, according to the history of that blamed pearl, a very considerable number of people who didn't want to sell it have frozen on to it at different times without the consent of the owner."

She put the pearl down, convinced of the unpleasant truth that history had repeated itself in her own case.

"What's to be done? We must send for the police!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Crole-Rees shook his head emphatically.

"I guess not. We shall be the laughing stock of the States if this gets around. I guess we will just sit tight for the time. The man who has the pearl can't open his mouth."

"I calculate," mused Mr. Crole-Rees, when his wife had gone tearfully to bed, and he had betaken himself to the smoking room for comfort—"I calculate that there ought to be a clear ten thousand dollars profit on this deal, and an end to the pearl-collecting craze of Mrs. Hiram Crole-Rees. It's about time she tried some cheaper amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones had not long finished breakfast. She was feeling very sore over missing the De Lisle pink pearl. She had

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meant what she said in the auction-room about the other woman not having it for two hundred thousand dollars. She had sent two dealers to the other woman to try and tempt her with a big price to sell, but the dealers had got more than a decided refusal. She was ruminating rather bitterly on her ill-success when a card was brought with the intimation that its owner wanted to see her on urgent business. It was unconscionably early for a caller, but the Chicago widow was not a woman of conventions, and, moreover, she knew that she looked charming in her dainty morning wrapper. So she consented to receive him.

He was even told that he might smoke one of his favourite cigars.

A few moments later Mr. Crole-Rees was ushered in, and greeted with flattering cordiality. He was even told that he might smoke one of his favourite green cigars.

"M'yes," he said, presently, "making a record collection of jewels is a pretty expensive amusement."

Mrs. Jowle-Jones smiled archly.

"For you, I don't say," he continued, with a deprecatory wave of his cigar. "You see, it's my dollars that Mrs. Crole-Rees is spending, and that affects me personally. But it don't particularly matter to the late Mr. Jowle-Jones what Mrs. Jowle-Jones is doing with the pile he left—dollars being of no particular account in the place where he has gone to."

The widow accepted this delicate reference to her late husband with equanimity, and waited patiently while Mr. Crole-Rees smoked hard in preparation for continuing his speech.

"Now this De Lisle pink pearl has cost me one hundred thousand dollars, and the blamed thing has a blood-stained history — there's enough murder and sudden death connected with that pearl to stock a Sunday newspaper for a half a century. The thing makes me kind of creepy at times. It's as bad as having a concentrated murder, suicide, and burying-ground on the premises."

"Then why don't you sell it?" demanded the widow.

"M'yes— ex—actly. Can you and I do a deal? How much of that hundred thousand dollars you spoke of will you spring for the pearl?"

"Do you mean business?" demanded the widow.

"Absolutely."

"Then name your price for the pearl," said Mrs. Jowle-Jones, as she reached for her cheque book.

"One hundred and ten thousand dollars; but don't write that cheque—Mrs. Crole-Rees is not in this yet. You must negotiate."

IV.

Mr. Crole-Rees had a surprise when he got back to the Hotel Victoria. He found one of the partners in a great firm of London jewellers examining the pearl. The man was just putting it back in its case when Mr. Crole-Rees entered.

"Undoubtedly a counterfeit of the pearl you purchased, madam, and a clever one, too. Unless I am mistaken, it is the one which was made for the Paris Exhibition. Of course! Why that very replica was until recently, quite recently ——"

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees. "A very fine imitation."

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"—— on view in a shop in Wardour Street," continued the expert, as he picked up the pearl again, and stuck his glass in his eye. "I thought so—Marinoni's mark is on the setting. This will afford you an excellent clue to the thief."

"M'yes," jerked in Mr. Crole-Rees again, as he pocketed the pearl. "I guess we will make tracks for that thief right now. Good morning, sir." And he shook the jeweller warmly by the hand, and edged him out of the room. "Just you stop right here," he said to his wife as he left.

"Not a word about this to anybody—I know where the pearl is when it is wanted," he said to the expert when the door was closed behind them.

"That was a remarkably near thing," remarked Mr. Crole-Rees half an hour later, as he hurried up to his wife's room. He found her ready dressed.

"We will start right away to Scotland Yard, and then to Wardour Street. We have got that thief set, whoever he is," she said.

"You are a smart woman," said her husband, "but I guess we will go to Wardour Street first."

When they got out of the hansom which took them to Wardour Street, they found a little knot of people round the window. They were looking at the faded jewel case which had so taken the fancy of Mr. Crole-Rees the day before. Above it was the identical legend that he had read, and in it was the replica of the pink pearl.

"I guess we have drawn blank," observed Mr. Crole-Rees to his astonished wife, "Seems to me that jeweller cuss didn't know quite such an almighty lot after all. Seems to me, that counterfeits of the pearl are as common as hay-seed. There will be no call at Scotland Yard this journey."

It was Mrs. Crole-Rees' turn to get a surprise when they got back to the hotel. It was a telegram from the widow:

"Will give one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the pearl. Will you sell?" it ran.

"She knows it—she has heard of it already, and now she is taking a rise out of me over it."

"No she isn't. That's a genuine offer—let her have the blamed thing."

"But it's gone!"

Mr. Crole-Rees tugged at his beard.

"I always thought you were a smart woman," he said reproachfully. "You have lost a hundred thousand dollar pearl, and now when there is a chance of making ten thousand dollars on the loss, you don't see it."

"But she is bound to discover that it isn't the real pearl."

"Just so; after she has had half the world to see and handle it. You have had the snigger at her once, and now, if you are not smart, she will have a bigger snigger over you. Sell her the pearl, and we make ten thousand dollars on the deal, while you will have the eternal snigger at Nellie Jowle-Jones when she finds that the pearl is a fraud."

"It will be real mean," protested the lady weakly.

"So was bribing her coachman on the day of the auction."

The De Lisle pink pearl changed hands. The day after the transaction was complete, Mr. Crole-Rees called on the widow. The jeweller who had pronounced the pearl that Mrs. Crole-Rees had called him in to see a counterfeit was coming away as he entered. He smiled broadly as they exchanged greetings.

"Been making sure the pearl is O.K.?" asked Mr. Crole-Rees of the widow.

"It is O.K. But he tells me there is an excellent replica in existence."

Mr. Crole-Rees dived into his pocket and brought out the faded case which was again missing from the window in Wardour Street, and which held the replica with the Marinoni mark on its tiny detachable setting. He opened it and placed it in the widow's hand.

"I thought," he said slowly, with a twinkle in his eyes, "you might find it handy for exhibition purposes. Any way its safer for the owner of the real pearl to own both."

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By Mulvy Ouseley.

The attitude of men and women to the modern art of tattooing is sufficiently convincing to make one realise that there is, after all, something in the process of puncturing the skin that is worthy of one's attention. So far from endeavouring to assert any patent right to the field, or monopolising all the credit people are wont to give him for helping to raise the standard of the art, Professor Riley, the eminent tattooing expert (to whom I am indebted for the permission to reproduce the illustrations accompanying this article), is always willing to allow to others of his profession a very fair share of the honours enthusiasts concede to him.

Tattooing is now one of the fine arts. No better testimonial, testifying to the excellence of the work of the modern tattooist, can be imagined than that which a celebrated living painter thought it only fair to give to Mr. Riley for having executed upon his (the painter's) arm, a piece of artistic work which, a few years ago, would have been thought an impossible task—namely, the tattooing a photograph of a lady on a man's arm. The picture was a perfect one both in the artistic drawing and in the catching of the expression, and greatly pleased the Academician.

It was a good-humoured consciousness that made us in days gone by appreciate on the surface the crude work of the inexperienced tattooist whose inartistic and heavy designs, without a redeeming feature from the artist's standpoint, drew from us words of wonderment. These emblems took forms the number of which could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and mainly consisted of ships' anchors, flags, and the grip of friendship—all execrable misrepresentations of the real article.

From Japan came the first lessons in the real art such as we know it to-day, and the suggestions that Japanese work carried were adopted by at least three popular British tattooists—namely, Mr. Riley (an Irishman), Mr. Macdonald (a Scotsman, we believe), and Mr. South (an Englishman). These gentlemen have, in the happiest circumstances, crowned the tattooing art with the diadem of success, and placed British work perhaps in advance of Japanese native work.

A Japanese whose whole body is indelibly tattooed in a marvellous manner.

The British public is essentially slow in taking up a thing which does not form a component part of its real life and method of living, but, notwithstanding our inherent conservatism, we suddenly become exceedingly liberal in our advocacy of a thing which bears on its surface the imprimatur of royalty, because, perhaps, we are imbued with the traditional belief that "the

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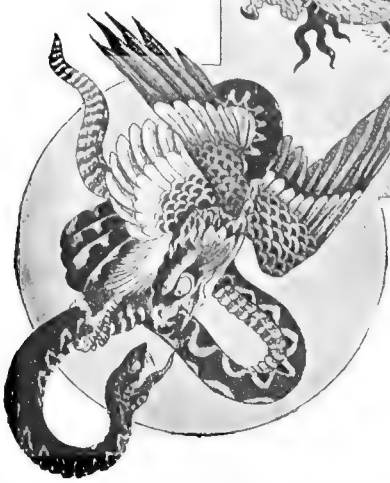
This ferocious looking dragon was tattooed by Mr. Riley upon the arm of the Marquis of Waterford.

The late Mr. Havemeyer, a well-known American millionaire, was proud of this eagle and snake, which he often showed to his intimate friends.



king can do no wrong." Tattooing has been no exception to the rule. Its success awaited the condescension of royalty, and as soon as royalty visited the salons of tattooists, then these gentlemen stooped to conquer.

It were invidious to recapitulate here the names of the British princes who have submitted to the tattooing process, but let it suffice that at least four popular princes of the immediate circle of the British royal family now bear on their bodies striking examples of the tattooing art; Mr. Sutherland Macdonald claiming the honour of having tattooed a prince in direct succession to the throne. Hence you will not be surprised to hear that the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Portarlington, Sir Edmund Lechmere, Lord Roche, and others, whose names are "familiar as household words," are all avowed enthusiasts of the craze, and bear on their skin some beautiful works of the imagination. Looking abroad for examples, among tattooed princes stand in the first rank the King of Sweden, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince George of Greece, Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. And then there is quite an army of noblemen of all countries.

Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., has this lady tattooed upon his skin.

Professor Riley, whose salon at the Earl's Court Exhibition was last year a rendezvous for devotees of both sexes, is certainly the popular tattoo artist of the hour, without encroaching on the domain claimed by other masters of the art. He is yet a young man, well under thirty, and speaks with an accent that proclaims his mother-country. He began life as a soldier of the Queen, having served for a number of years in a Highland regiment. He left the army with the best character it is possible for a soldier or a non-commissioned officer to obtain officially. Possessing the natural genius inherent in the born artist, he tells me that his free hours in barracks were entirely given up to tattooing the officers and men, and long before his time was up, nearly

The first step in the process of "marking for life." The arm is shaved clean and smooth.

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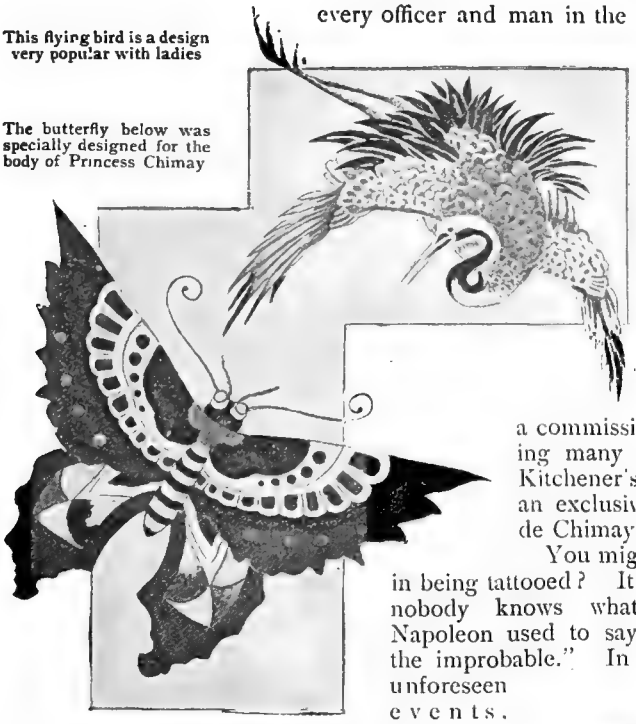
This flying bird is a design very popular with ladies

The butterfly below was specially designed for the body of Princess Chimay



every officer and man in the regiment had given him sittings. Becoming a civilian, he took some drawing lessons in Leeds, where his family is resident, and then opened up rooms in Liverpool, and afterwards in Glasgow.

On the common ground that his services would be more fitly requited in London, he, on the advice of his admirers, came to the Metropolis, and began at the Royal Aquarium, where he met with instantaneous success.

Towards the fall of last year he went out to Egypt to execute a commission, and had the pleasure of tattooing many of the officers comprising Lord Kitchener's general staff. He also worked an exclusive design on the arm of Princess de Chimay.

You might reasonably ask, "What is there in being tattooed? It is only a fad of the idle." Well, nobody knows what to-morrow may bring forth. Napoleon used to say "nothing was more certain than the improbable." In a world which is crammed with unforeseen events, many of which are always happening when you least expect them, it may be your friend's fate to require identification to-morrow—who knows? Surrounded by painful circumstances, such identification has again and again been the result of mere guesswork, and the gruesome discovery that you have identified the wrong person has not been made till too late in the day, perhaps, to alter it. But where identification is carried out with the powerful aid of an unerring witness, such as a peculiar tattoo mark, which you know to be on the body of your lost friend, you cannot go far wrong.

Second stage of tattooing. Mr. Riley drawing a design in pencil.

The fearful spectre above appears on the arm of a famous South African millionaire.

This, then, in a measure, explains the reason why so many people are just now giving sittings to tattoo artists all the country over; they have a serious object in view, so that it would seem that the craze is not an idle fad.

So far, we have studied the serious side of tattooing. It has its humourous side as well.

Mr. Riley tells me that not long ago a man had a large sized Christmas pudding tattooed on his chest, simply "for the fun of the thing."

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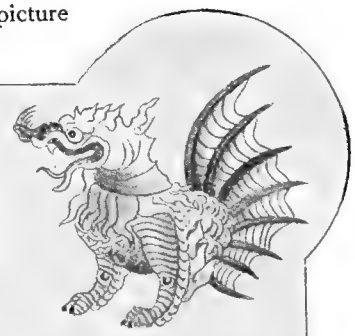
A year ago the same artist tattooed a copy of the famous picture representing the charge of the Scots Greys, "Scotland for Ever!" on the back of a man whose father was once an officer in the famous regiment.

On the arm of a railway official Mr. Riley tattooed a train travelling by night, a wonderful piece of work. It extended the full length of the arm.

The chest of a certain baronet bears on its surface a balloon sailing in the sky, while on the shoulder of an inspector of police is tattooed his "first charge" in the days when he was yet a young constable.

A lover going abroad wished to have his initials tattooed on the arm of his best girl. The lady consented, and the swift electric tattooing needle, as used by Mr. Riley, which gives you very little or no sensation of pain, soon pricked the letters "P. I." As sometimes happens in these cases, the swain either forgot that he had a young lady waiting for him in England, or he had found another charmer where he was stationed, but—at any rate, no amatory epistle was forthcoming from the neglectful swain and after waiting twelve months, the girl had those letters altered by the same artist to "B. T." Could you blame her?



A Siamese nobleman, now studying law in England, has this design tattooed upon his skin.

The curious creature above is upon the arm of Capt. Vincent.

An officer of the "D-vil's Own" (Inns of Court Volunteers) has this appropriate design upon his arm.

A handsome young fellow consulted Mr. Riley about a design he wished to have worked over his heart—a dangerous place, but the young professor knows his ground. After two hours' labour on the man's breast a beautiful and touching picture was revealed to the eye. It represented two hearts entwined, with a beautiful shield round, and underneath was printed the word "MARY." Everybody was pleased with the picture, the artist from his point of view, the lover from his, and the young lady, of course, from hers. Eighteen months

Third stage—outlining with the electric needle.

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afterwards, the lover made his second appearance in Mr. Riley's sanctum, but this time he had another tale to tell. Baring his chest to our artist, he asked him in a melancholy tone, "Do you remember doing this?" The answer was an affirmative. "Well," continued the dejected one, with actually a tear in his eye, "I want you now please, to strike a line through 'Mary,' and to put underneath her name 'TRAITRESS.'" It was done. And no questions were asked.

Tattooing is not a costly operation, and Professor Riley recommends everybody to have a tattoo mark put on the body, if only for the purpose of future identification in case of an accident of any kind happening to you.

Here is a tattoo mark much favoured by aristocrats.

Mr. Riley has just gone to Cairo for the second time, to fulfil an engagement which was made by cable. For this work, which is being done on a certain well-known princess, he will receive a very high fee, since he travels out specially for the lady's benefit—which shows to what extent a devotee of the art will go when fired by enthusiasm. Mr. Riley began his labours in a very humble sphere of life at first, but, by dint of hard work on his own part, constant study and practice and ingenuity, he has risen to the top. His work at the present day is fine and clever; it is not speculative; it is not hard; but, on the contrary, is fresh, clean, and extremely artistic.

Last stage.—Putting in the shading.

The Cock of the North, an appropriate design on the skin of the gallant Colonel of a Highland Regiment.

As we have already hinted, unlike the average man who has excellent compeers in his own particular field, and who is sometimes weak enough to be querulous and jealous of the productions of others, no matter what walk of life or path of art you take—Mr. Riley has always a good word to say of the artistic productions of his own chief compeers in the tattooing art; indeed, he would not be honest otherwise, for the beautiful work turned out by, say, Mr. Sutherland MacDonald, or Mr. South, is always food for admiration.

This creature is indelibly marked on the skin of a celebrated living novelist.

It is a very curious fact,

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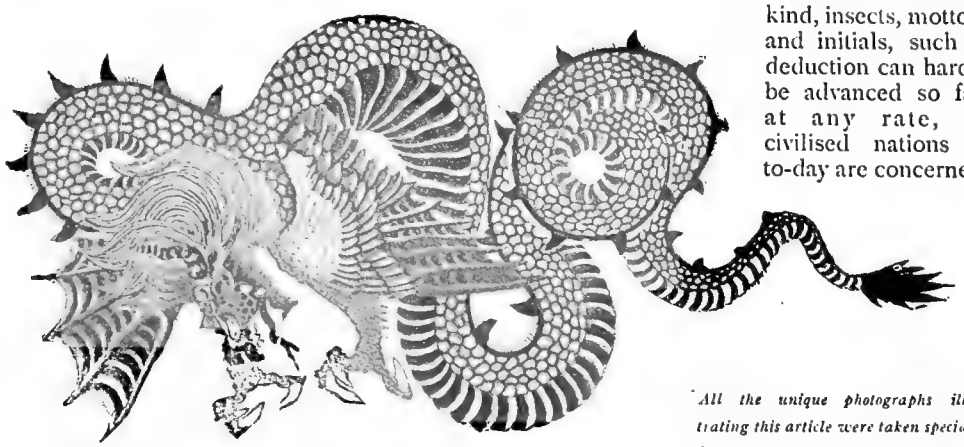
The Japanese system of tattooing—prodding.

which seems to have been overlooked by modern writers, that tattooing (the word itself is Tahitian, from "ta," a mark) is expressly forbidden by Holy Scripture (Lev. xix. 28), from which we may conclude that it was common even in those early days amongst the neighbouring nations. It has been said that the main cause of its origin was the desire to attract the admiration of the opposite sex, but, be this as it may, time has re-fashioned the ends for which tattooing is now sought. Savages adorn their skins with tattoo marks from motives not wholly unconnected with religion; others for ceremony; others again to denote rank. But the chief reason, as mentioned above, is vanity.

There is a very interesting work in German on the subject, entitled, "*Die Entstehung der Schrift*" (The Origin of Writing), wherein the author, Dr. Wuttke, conceives the very original idea that tattooing is a kind of writing on the skin. But since the usual objects illustrated are large

The Burmese method—piercing.

dragons and small lions, battle scenes, beautiful women, historical incidents, flowers, emblems of every kind, insects, mottoes and initials, such a deduction can hardly be advanced so far, at any rate, as civilised nations of to-day are concerned.



This extraordinary dragon is tattooed upon the back of an Oxford Undergraduate, the son of a popular baronet.

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By
Marion Elliston.

I.

A little pink frock, rather short, a dainty pinafore with a very broad lace frill, a delicate little face with two large, lustrous brown eyes, and a nimbus of clustering brown curls half buried under a great big sun hat, was running riot after the daisies and buttercups on the lawn.

Daddy and Mummy were sitting close by, enjoying the sweet summer afternoon, and imagining that they were enjoying their book too. But this was entirely a fallacy, for, granted that "Dream Days" was on Daddy's knees, and that he had been reading to Mummy from it, it was now (and had been for some time) lying upside down, which, as a rule, is a pretty sure sign that one is not overpoweringly interested in one's book. And yet Kenneth Grahame was their favourite author, and they always made a point of enjoying his works together. The fact was, sitting there under the beech tree, they couldn't help watching those two busy little legs in the pretty white socks and the white kid shoes. They went so fast, and they always came down with exactly the right "plump" beside the daisy that last caught their owner's eye. Up again and off, at such a badly-balanced toddle, rushing tilted forward at a full baby pelt, with two tiny arms stretched out as propellers, one hand holding the almost stalkless daisy, the little one shouted, "Me wan' to 'tick it in 'ou's coatie, my Daddy; me wan' to 'tick it in!"

Then wriggling down again from his knee, off she goes again to plump down beside another daisy. What would the babies do, if there should one day be a dearth of daisies—but probably there never will be, for the sufficient reason that daisies are the babies' flower. Nobody ever dreams of "don't"-ing a baby for picking daisies, which is more than you can say of anything else in the world! Back she trots again to the first outstretched arms that offer safe harbour to a very badly-balanced, two-masted little vessel that threatens to capsize every moment—and then scratches, and bruises, and tears!

She threw herself into her mother's arms and stood on her knees, with her dimpled arms round her neck, cooing softly all the time in that sweet love-language whereof the only dictionary is kept in Heaven, and lent, now and then, for a little while at a time, to fathers and mothers with each new baby!

Then she dragged her Daddy's head down close—so close that in the tender rumpling it had to put up with, all the three seemed mixed, so that a caller coming near the house and beholding, turned away again with a lump in his throat, feeling, "And these three are one, and a stranger must not intermeddle." And Mother said, "Isn't she an angel, Daddy?"

And Daddy said—just like a blundering mere man—"Yes, a great deal too much like one, Mummy. I wish you could fatten her up and brown her well; I should sooner see my baby a little gipsy than an angel for the present."

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Mother shivered, though it was July, and, cuddling "Little Plaything" very tight, went indoors without a word.

Daddy didn't know he had said anything wrong, but Mummy never called her an angel after that.

II.

The heat is very intense this month. The hot sun seems to fade all the pink out of "Little Plaything's" cheeks quicker even than out of her pink frock and sun-bonnet. She runs about for a little while, and then says: "Carwy me, carwy me." She plays with her dolls for a little while, and then says: "Want to tome in 'ous arms, want to tome in 'ous arms, me do."

Sometimes she fretted for whole days and nights, and nothing would comfort her. Kindly advising friends said: "Don't give in to her. It's simply a naughty habit. She knows you'll pet her, and that's all she makes that noise for. It isn't crying—it's only fretfulness. Don't give way to her." Good, healthy souls! The world is full of them, just as it is full of every other kind of good adviser; but, thank Heaven! their philosophy always goes to the wall as soon as their own baby begins to cry; and for the rest—well, it isn't in human nature to pay much attention to kind advice, however good, so that it rarely happens that anybody else's baby suffers much from it.

But Mummy comforted her, and petted her, and Daddy played with her all the time he was at home from the office, and carried her up and down the garden for hours together. Then she would liven up again all in a moment, and run and romp in her old wild, riotous way, till Daddy and Mummy looked at each other and said, "Ridiculous! I told you it was nothing but the weather. It was only the heat pulling her down. Just see how bright she is again to-day because it happens to be a little cooler."

And they sat her in her chair, and gave her her toys to play with, while Mother walked as far as the gate with Daddy, so that they could scold each other for being anxious and in a worry about nothing.

Mother said, "Isn't she an angel, Daddy?"

Little Plaything romped with them a little, a little while—she so soon grew tired. The Noah's ark men wouldn't stand up, and the animals had lame legs, and the pickaninny dolly was naughty, and one after another they were all thrown down on the grass, and the weary little child went to sleep, to dream about fairies with soft, fluffy wings, singing pretty hymns like Mummy did, and about angels dancing about under Daddy's rose-trees—children always do put things wrong or crooked, as, indeed, most other people do in their dreams. I

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doubt if it mattered much. I don't suppose the angels felt slighted.

Mother found her so when she came back from seeing Daddy off, and slipped a cushion under her head, and put a little shawl round her for fear of chill. She wanted to take her into her arms, but she was afraid it might rouse her. How grey it seem to have grown all at once! And the evenings were often chilly now, and sometimes the wind moaned.

III.

The dust was thick on the top of the piano—no fresh flowers had been put in the vases. A few dead rose-leaves still lay just where they had fallen on the little photograph table where Mother kept her household gods, and generally decked them with fresh flowers every day. And the new magazines had not even been cut.

Baby was ill! The Little Plaything that was the household idol was ill—very ill; and everyone had heartache! Everyone spoke in a whisper, everyone walked with hushed footfall, and breathed softly.

Baby's moans grew faint and weak. Mother came and knelt beside the big chair, where Daddy was holding her. By-and-bye the cries ceased altogether.

Hour after hour the little moan went on, rarely hushed even in fitful sleep! Hour after hour the moan continued in everyone's heart, and a terrible tension was growing on Mother's face. Oh that she might bear the pain instead!

"Want to lie in 'ous arms, me do! Want to lie in 'ous arms," Baby moaned night and day. And Mother held her there—held her till her arms were almost powerless, and yet she scarcely knew that they ached. Daddy came, and the little arms reached out to him to take her, as though she thought he could hold her out of the reach of the terrible pain!

But he couldn't. The plaintive wail went on, cutting his very heartstrings. It couldn't last much longer, the doctor had said—another day or two of such pain would be the very utmost the little frame could bear!

It was terrible enough in the daytime to watch the little drawn face, and the little dried lips that never spoke except to say, "Me want to lie in 'ous arms, me yove 'ou, my Daddy," or, "Me want my yemonade." (How cook blessed that lemonade, how it comforted her that there was one thing she could do that seemed never to fail to soothe the little sufferer! She valued that "Me want my yemonade" more than her two prize medals from the County Council!)

But oh, at night! To sit there for hours with the little one moaning in his arms, rocking her, soothing her, singing to her, walking her up and down, trying everything to woo the sleep that wouldn't come—the sleep that was the only thing that could save her; and to watch the mother close beside him, sharing the vigil with him, her face drawn with agonised suppression and tension, yet breaking instantly into the softest smile if by any chance the little sufferer should recognise her for a moment; to watch the candles burn

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down lower and lower, each moment bringing the separation nearer and nearer; to watch the stars fade out in the cold, grey dawn; to hear the wind softly sighing in the pine-trees, the creepers tapping against the window, and now and then a dog restlessly barking, as though he saw the ghosts that filled the air—ah, all this makes a man grow old!

IV.

The next night there was a summer storm. All the evening the lightning played in the horizon. But at last the thunder rolled and rolled across the heavens. The rain plashed and swished drearily down the window-panes, and Baby moaned and wailed in her unceasing pain.

The Mother knelt beside a little photograph.

"Want to lie in 'ous arms, my Daddy." And all night long he held her. He walked up and down with her, and now and again he steadied his voice to sing her all her little hymns. Over and over again he sang, "Now the day is over," to her, but his voice always failed as he came to

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,

for the full vision was coming so much too soon, and he couldn't stay it. Why does God so often take us at our word, and give us the very thing we ask for, but the very last thing that we want?

Mummy sat still all through that storm. The long strain had told on her. Not a sound came from her lips, but her whole frame was quivering—thrilling and throbbing with the agonising suppression.

But at last the storm spent itself—the clouds parted and cleared. The stars shone again, and presently the light of the early dawn stole sweetly into the East.

Baby's moans grew faint and weak. Mother came and knelt beside the big chair where Daddy was holding her. By-and-bye the cries ceased altogether, and the Good Shepherd came and took the little one from her father's arms into His own.

Very quietly, Daddy laid her down, and took her mother away, for he knew!

V.

The poor Mother knelt beside a little photograph, and at last the storm in the torn mother-heart had way. There was no need now to clench her lips for fear of rousing the little sufferer! "Oh, God, God, give her back to me! I must have my Baby, I must, I must! You gave her to me, and she's mine, she's mine! Oh, God, God, give me back my Baby, my Baby!"

Then Baby's father came in and sat down beside her, and said, "Hush!" He took both her hands in his, and held them—held them so firmly and yet so gently—just as she had so often held Baby's as she soothed her out of some paroxysm of baby temper!

He gave her some violets, and said: "Take them in to her, and kiss her."

And Mother's sorrow grew quiet!

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ENGINES IN GALA COSTUME

By Hector Maclean.

Flags, flowers, and furbelows have ever been the favourite means wherewith to feast the eye on occasions of "great pith and moment." Especially is this the case where horses and chariots are used, of which the countless pageants of the past thirty centuries bear witness. To-day, however, instead of embellishing the triumphal cars of emperors, the most gorgeous of floral and other decorations are reserved for the cycles and baby-carriages of the "plebs."

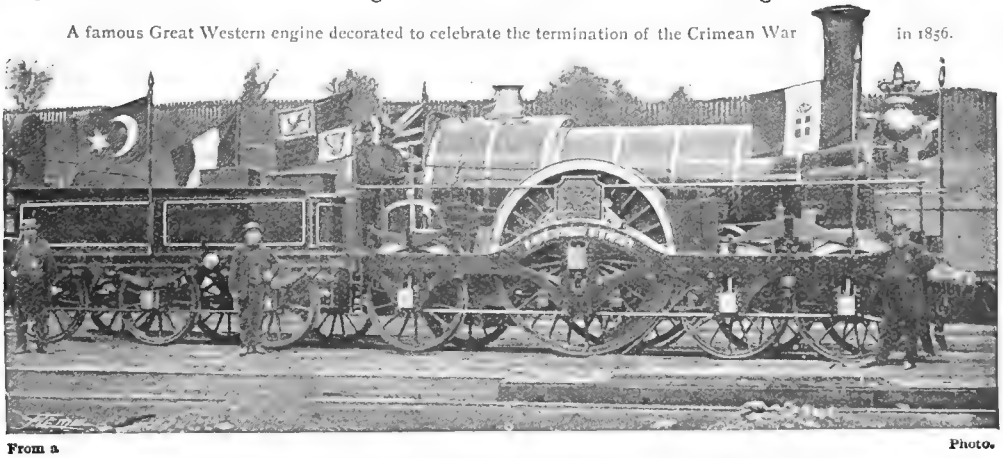
This devolution is, after all, quite a natural one, and in complete accord with the universal growth of democracy. But what is less to be expected, and is as yet little known, is the remarkable habit which has sprung up of decorating machinery, of making, as it were, an idol of brute force, or, rather, of the instrument of horse-power—a habit which, at first sight, is somewhat surprising.

Without doubt, many people will be not a little astonished to learn that an engine-driver has a strong affection for the tangle of tubes, cranks, rods, cylinders, and wheels, known as a locomotive, and that he holds it a good deal dearer than a living creature. Not even does a Rosebery love his Ladas, nor did ever a Byron regard his dog, with greater fervour than does many a driver dote upon his engine, be it the newest and fastest of bogie expresses, a dusty six-wheel radial, or merely a fourth class little "local tank."

This partiality is even shared by passengers, of which an instance may be cited of one who recently assured the writer that he, out of mere sentiment, and not for any graver reason, had formed a resolution not to travel by a certain train because he disapproved of the particular type of locomotive which had been appointed to draw it.

The earliest, and not the least interesting, of the decorated engines which are included in the present series is *The Lord of the Isles*, a celebrated broad-guage locomotive which belonged to the Great Western Railway. This engine, which does not look so obsolete, as might be expected, was adorned so far back as 1856, in order to celebrate the peace which followed upon the Crimean war. It is impossible to look on the picture without the thought flashing through one's mind of how much has changed since then. The

A famous Great Western engine decorated to celebrate the termination of the Crimean War in 1856.



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fall of Sebastopol has been avenged by Plevna, and the fast friends who fought shoulder to shoulder at Inkerman have since fallen out over Fashoda. Specially significant is the suggestion of one flag—the red, white, and green—in recalling how it chanced that the Crimea became the cradle of a new Power, which was, as it were, born amidst the fire and blood of this much mismanaged war; for it was in the course of the concluding campaign that the puny kingdom of Sardinia—since, by the aid of Cavour and Garibaldi, grown into that of Italy—was accepted as an ally by England and France, thenceforth to become recognised as one of the leading nations of Europe.

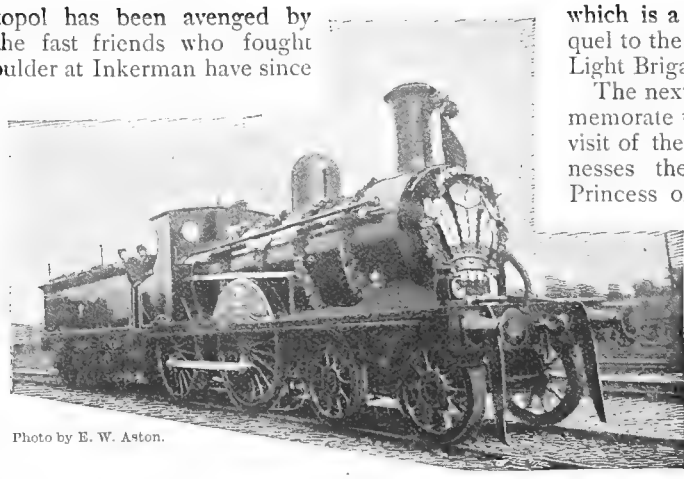


Photo by E. W. Aston.

The locomotive of the Cambrian Railway which drew the train conveying the Prince and Princess of Wales to Aberystwith in June, 1896.

The Sardinian Flag is easily recognisable on the right front of the engine, being distinguishable from the French tricolour on the tender by having the national shield and crown imprinted upon the white band. Since this ill-starred, heroic, but futile war, we have not thought fit to cross swords with the Colossus of the North, except when some score of years ago Mr. Macdermott, under the protection of Saint Jingo, nightly thrashed the Russians at the Royal Aquarium, which is a refreshing sequel to the Charge of the Light Brigade.

The next pictures commemorate the memorable visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the gallant little land of Leeks, the birthplace of Llewellyn and the great painter, Burne-Jones, and the only part of Great Britain where vineyards bear, and where fine old Welsh wine is made and matured.

Out of many another interesting picture, that chosen is one which serves as a kind of emblem of the advent of better times and kinder thoughts in dear, delightful, but too often disquieting, Ireland.

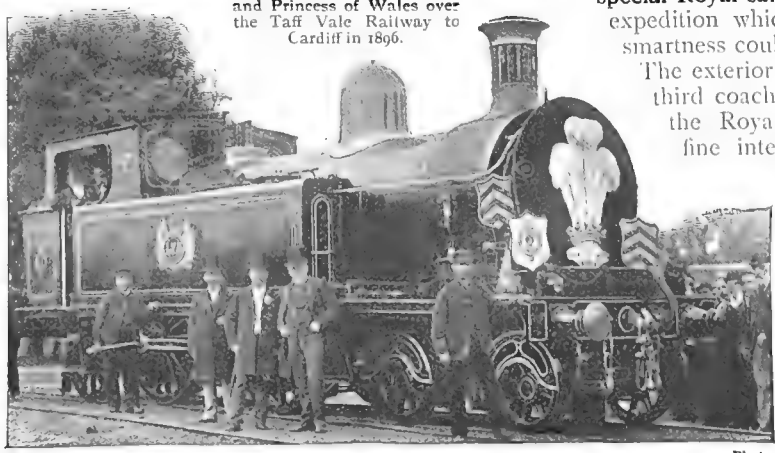
When our sailor Duke of York and his popular wife—The Princess of Richmond Hill—went, during 1897, to the Sister Isle, amidst many other tokens of right royal welcome which were forthcoming, few, if any, exceeded in heartiness that accorded by the railway *employés*, as may, in some measure, be judged by our pictures.

No sooner was it known that the Royal couple would pass over the Great Northern Railway of Ireland's system, than a special Royal saloon was built with an expedition which not even Yankee smartness could excel.

The exterior of this saloon is the third coach from the engine in the Royal train depicted. Its fine interior, lavishly decked out with flowers, is also shown.

Of all railway companies which encourage the decoration of their engines or trains, none have done more than the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. For the

This engine took the Prince and Princess of Wales over the Taff Vale Railway to Cardiff in 1896.



From a Photo.

Photo by G. Moor...

The engine of the M. and G.W. of Ireland Railway decorated for the Duke of York's visit.

past twenty years the company in question has regularly, and with considerable elaboration, applied floral and heraldic arrangements to certain of its locomotives, so that in some instances one might almost think that the fabled woods of Birnam were travelling by rail to Dunsinane, or, at the very least, that Jack in the Green had set out upon "Puffing Billy" for a holiday jaunt. What very greatly enhances these decorations is the thought that, to use a classic cockneyism, "'andsome is as 'andsome does." For the sumptuous bedizening with bright colours, flowers, golden statuary, festoons of foliage, is in order that excursionists may be attracted to take tickets by the special trains which, once a year, are run on behalf of the Stationmasters' Benevolent Fund.

The photograph of the *Allen Sarle*, perhaps the finest engine ever built by the late Mr. Stroudley, was taken on the occasion of the 1898 excursion. The *Henry Fletcher*, which is representative of Mr. Billington's bogie type, is shown in its Diamond Jubilee guise.

Photo by R. Welch.

Interior of the Duchess of York's saloon on the G.N.R. of Ireland decorated with floral festoons.

Quite apart from their graceful decorations, these two engines just now possess an attraction of their own, not only to railway *employés*, but to all who are interested in the evolution of the English locomotive, more particularly in view of the competition from the United States of America, which, according to some authorities, threatens to revolutionise the present types of first class English-designed locomotives.

The *Allen Sarle*, as the illustration indicates, is of the older-fashioned type with double front driving-wheels, which gained a prize medal at the memorable competition held in France in connection with the last Paris Exhibition.

Shortly after this its designer—Mr. Stroudley—died, being replaced as head of the Brighton Locomotive Works, by Mr. Billington, who lost no time in following the lead of American engineers as regards the adoption of bogie wheels in front of the driving wheels of his first-class express locomotives. However, in spite of the favour which in many quarters has been bestowed upon the American types of locomotive which are built with bogie leaders, there has arisen amongst those who have watched the running of the Brighton Company's trains, a very strong feeling that, after all, the Stroudley type is capable of drawing heavier loads at a faster rate than can the more Americanised patterns since built for the Brighton Company. If so, it would seem that the best way to ward off American competition is not by imitating

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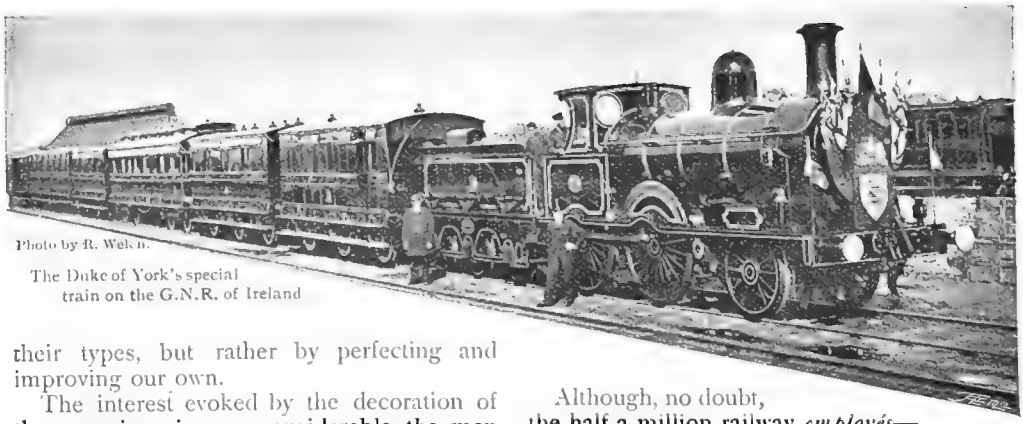


Photo by R. Welch.

The Duke of York's special train on the G.N.R. of Ireland

their types, but rather by perfecting and improving our own.

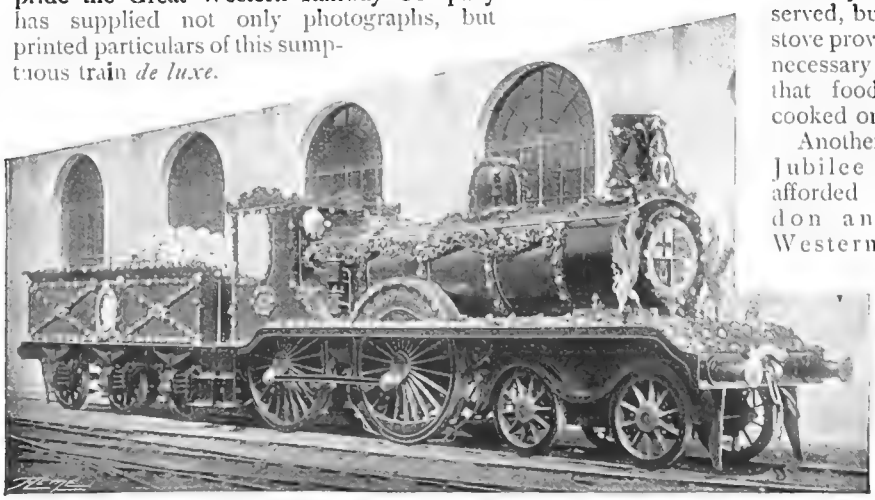
The interest evoked by the decoration of these engines is very considerable, the men concerned gladly working all night so that the engine may be decked out and ready to leave the sheds by 6.45 a.m. Moreover, railway amateurs not infrequently travel many miles, long before the town is awake, that they may watch the proceedings at the Battersea or the New Cross sheds.

Just now allusion was made to the Jubilee decoration of the *Henry Fletcher*. Whilst on the subject of Jubilee trains, a few words must be spared to chronicle one or two interesting "turn-outs" which some of the railways arranged for the occasion. The first place is naturally claimed for what was, *par excellence, the* Jubilee train—the one in which, on the ever memorable 21st June, 1897, Her Gracious Majesty made her progress from Windsor Castle to Buckingham Palace, in order to drive with that wonderful record procession and render thanks under the shadow of Wren's masterpiece. With pardonable pride the Great Western Railway Company has supplied not only photographs, but printed particulars of this sumptuous train *de luxe*.

Although, no doubt, the half a million railway *employés*—I had almost written servants, but remember that to-day Jack is as good as his master—would be vastly interested in the elaborate description which has been furnished, only a brief *resumé* can be given.

The train was composed of six carriages; its total length was 360ft., of which the Queen's saloon measured 54ft. The woodwork of the latter was of satinwood and sycamore, decorated with lions and crowns in green and gold. What in railway talk are known as "trimmings," consisted of white silk corded repp upholstery, set off with green, white, and gold silk laces, and hung with green curtains. It is needless to say that all that engineering ingenuity could devise was availed of to ensure the easy running of the train and the safety and general comfort of those using it. Amongst a multitude of other conveniences, mention may be made of the fact that not only were ordinary refreshments served, but a cooking stove provided, with the necessary addenda, so that food might be cooked on the journey.

Another example of Jubilee fervour is afforded by the London and North-Western Railway,



From a Photo.

The "Henry Fletcher" locomotive in Diamond Jubilee guise.

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whose compound express passenger engine *Queen Empress*, was specially painted for the Jubilee day. The ordinary colouring of London and North-Western Railway locomotives is black, but on the said occasion the *Queen Empress* was coloured white and grey, lavishly relieved with gold leaf, the effect being wonderfully smart.

A rose-girt engine. The station-master's excursion train of 1898.

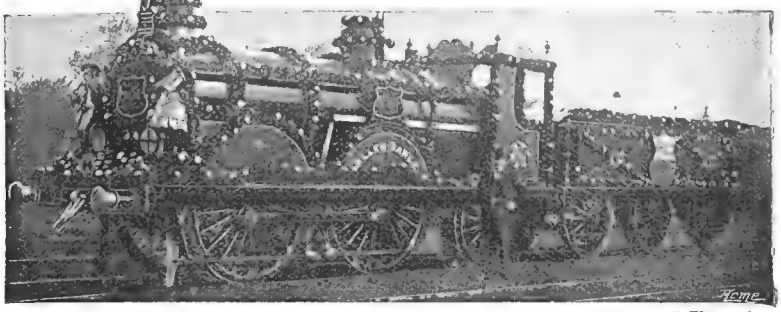


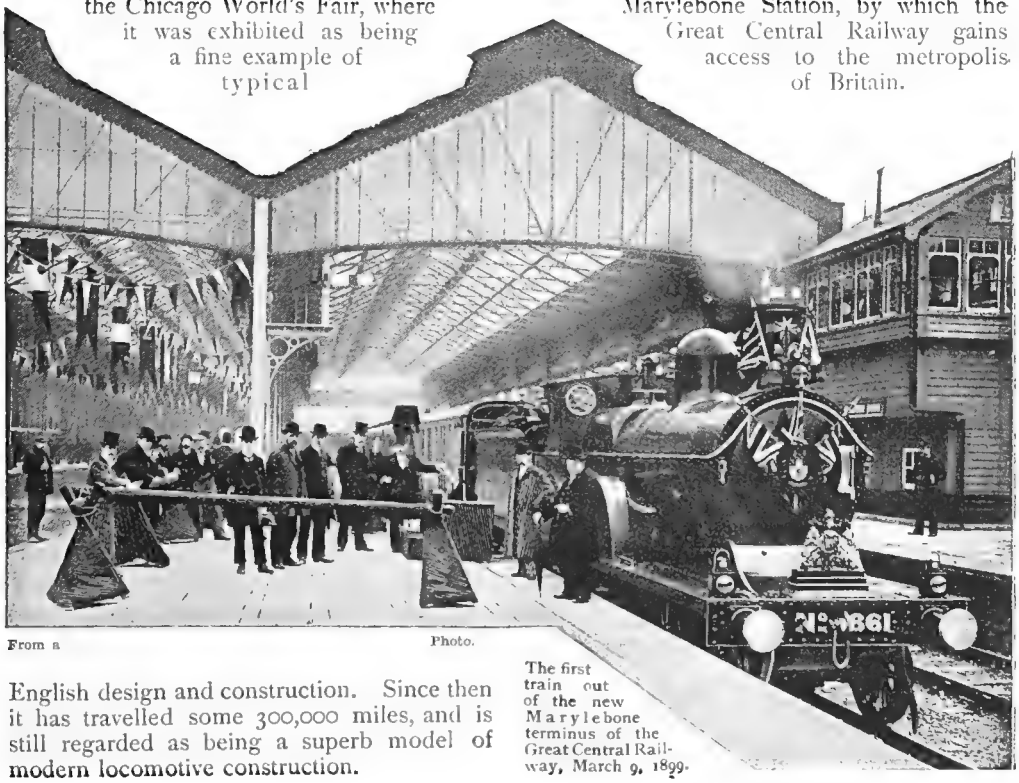
Photo by F. W. Temple.

The casual reader may think the painting of an engine is but a small matter, but it is by no means so, as may be judged by the statement that, before a complete painting is effected, from eighteen to twenty coats of pigment and varnish are applied!

The *Queen Empress* is, however, one of the London and North-Western Company's favourites, and is hence worthy of the money and time bestowed upon its decoration. It was specially built at Crewe for despatch to the Chicago World's Fair, where it was exhibited as being a fine example of typical English design and construction. Since then it has travelled some 300,000 miles, and is still regarded as being a superb model of modern locomotive construction.

Space will not permit the following up of this fascinating topic any further; many other notable examples which are to hand must, therefore, dremain unrecorded. Not so the writer's hearty gratitude to the general managers of many of the leading railways for their courtesy in placing a large number of photographs at his disposal.

The last of the pictures depicts the inaugural train which the Right Honourable C. T. Ritchie, on 9th March 1899, started at the opening of the latest of London's colossal termini, namely, the Marylebone Station, by which the Great Central Railway gains access to the metropolis of Britain.



From a Photo.

The first train out of the new Marylebone terminus of the Great Central Railway, March 9, 1899.

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Did He Kill Her?

By Florence E. Eastwick.

Ruth Courtney sat late at her breakfast table, she dallied with her knife and fork, sipped at her tea, and tried to make the meal last as long as possible. It was an eventful morning in her life, a morning which would decide her fate, for in an hour's time the man who loved her and had asked her to be his wife would come to her for an answer. And she knew now what that answer would be; she had made up her mind, and she meant to marry him. She had hesitated to tell him so at first, not because she doubted her love for him, but because she could not be absolutely sure of his love for her. She had been unable to decide fully to her own satisfaction that the affection he professed to feel for her was perfectly disinterested and sincere.

She was a rich woman, and he had the reputation of being extravagant and a spendthrift. She was conscious of her twenty-seven years, and she knew that she had just missed being pretty, but she was unaware that there was in her earnest grey eyes and her low sympathetic voice something which attracted men more surely than any mere prettiness or regularity of feature. She had always been morbidly afraid of being wooed only for her fortune, for she had little confidence in her own power to win love; she had distrusted every man who paid her court, and none had been able so far to touch her heart. Then Jack Hargreaves came into her life, and with this advent her peace of mind had departed. A certain romantic interest was attached to this reckless and handsome breaker of hearts, for no woman had succeeded hitherto in chaining him as a captive to her chariot-wheels. Ruth had heard of him as an audacious flirt, as one who would go any length with a woman without marrying her. She had determined to be well on her guard, but the flattery of his constant and respectful attention had at last broken down the barrier of cool, ordinary acquaintanceship which she had striven to maintain between them.

Their intimacy advanced with such rapid strides that she suddenly grew alarmed, and fled out of town to Brighton, there to think over matters quietly, and to make up her mind as to what she should do. She told herself that he interested and amused her, perhaps more than anyone else whom she knew, but she was not going to let him make a fool of her; she would go abroad for awhile, and put all thoughts of him out of her head. She was entirely her own mistress, and could go where she liked, and do as she chose, without consulting anyone. She resolved that she would shut up her flat in town, and be off with her maid to Switzerland, or the Italian lakes, where she would remain until she had conquered this folly.

Two days after her arrival in Brighton she met Jack Hargreaves face to face in King Street. His eyes lighted up with genuine pleasure when he caught sight of her. He turned and walked at her side, while he enquired, with tender solicitude, why she had thus suddenly deserted her friends in town without giving them an inkling of her departure.

"I did not feel well—I thought the sea would do me good; but I fancy I shall be obliged to have a more distant change of air. I am thinking of running off to Switzerland for a few months. I am sure the mountains will brace me up again" She scarcely dared to look in his face while she spoke; she trembled lest he might guess her secret, and discover that he was really the cause of her running away. He scrutinised her face with anxious enquiry for a few moments while they walked on in silence.

"May I come in for a minute?" he asked when they reached her rooms in a street leading from the sea. "I have something I must say to you."

And a few minutes later he had told her that he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife. She would not give him a definite answer then, though in her heart she knew

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how it must end if he persisted. But he was not to be easily baffled. He took some rooms opposite to those where she was staying, and every day he brought her flowers; they went for rides together on the downs, and for walks together along the front. She was very happy, though still perplexed; then, seeing his pained and humbled look when she continued to evade his entreaties for a definite reply, she began to feel compunction, and though something seemed still to hold her back from absolute surrender, she said at last,

"Well, then, to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, come and see me and you shall have my answer, I promise. . . . Now go; I am dining with some old friends to-night, and I must have time for a little quiet, introspective meditation."

All through the dinner and during the hour of pleasant converse afterwards her thoughts were away with him.

"You are very quiet to-night, Ruth. What are you thinking about so deeply?" her kind old friend asked at the close of the evening when they stood together alone for a moment.

"I am thinking of getting married," Ruth answered softly. Then she asked, with some perturbation, "Do you think I am very foolish?"

"No, dear, it is the best thing you can do. Who is the lucky person?"

Ruth put aside the curtain and stood looking down at the house opposite.

But when Ruth mentioned Jack Hargreaves' name the elder woman looked grave.

"He comes of a wild race," she said doubtfully. "I knew his father when I was a girl—a headstrong passionate man, very handsome and fascinating, but a regular demon when his temper was roused, I believe."

"I have never seen any sign of Jack's temper, but I have no doubt he has one," Ruth said, laughing. Then she bade her hostess good-bye, and went away to fetch her cloak.

"We are walking home—it is such a lovely night. Why don't you come with the Colonel and me instead of taking a cab. We pass your door—it's not five minutes from here," said a good-natured dame whose husband had taken Ruth in to dinner. It seemed a pleasant suggestion, for the air was soft and balmy, but when they reached Ruth's house a few drops of rain began to fall.

"Don't stop," she said to her escort; "there is going to be a shower, I am all right now, they will open the door immediately."

"Good night!"

She heard their footsteps die away down the street. How quiet it was, everyone seemed to have retired to rest at an early hour, for the houses all round were quite dark and silent. Twelve o'clock struck while she stood on the

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step waiting for her door to be opened; she glanced across at the house opposite, where Jack Hargreaves had taken up his abode. A faint glimmer of light came through the chink of the drawn curtain on the ground floor—that was Jack's room she knew, so he, at all events, was still awake, though the rest of the house was shrouded in darkness. Then, suddenly, while her eyes lingered on it, a strange thing happened. The red glass fanlight above his front door became illumined, and she discovered that looking through it from where she stood, she could see distinctly the whole of the staircase and landing above in his house. Watching with a lazy kind of curiosity, she became interested on beholding Jack's familiar figure slowly mount the stairs, candle in hand. He paused before a door at the head of the staircase, then she saw him pass in, the light vanished, and all was dark again.

She smiled to herself, thinking how all unconscious he was that her eyes had been upon him as he went to rest. Then she was recalled to herself by feeling the rain falling quickly on her bare head. She had forgotten to ring the bell.

"*I am in love!*" she said to herself laughing, and a few seconds later, was safe inside her own comfortable room upstairs.

She did not sleep well, and was late in rising. Now it was past ten o'clock, and at eleven Jack would be with her.

The little maid came in to clear away the breakfast things.

"Have you heard, ma'am, of what's happened over the way?" the girl asked, with evident anxiety to impart her news. "A lady has been found dead in her room, and they do say as how they think she's been murdered. At first they thought she'd died in her sleep, but when the doctor saw her, he said as how there'd been foul play, and they've sent for the police. There's quite a crowd of people round the door now, and staring up at the house; you'll see if you look out of the window."

Ruth put aside the white curtain and stood for a moment looking down at the house opposite. Two policemen were standing talking by the open door, people lingered on the pavement and cast curious glances up at the house; and while Ruth still watched, an inspector of police came out with a grey-whiskered, serious-looking man, and they went away together in earnest conversation. Then she saw Jack Hargreaves come to the door; he said a few words to the policemen, and slowly crossed the road; he looked up, and seeing her at the window above him, raised his hat with a grave smile, and came on into her house.

"You have had a tragedy at your lodgings, I hear," she said as she gave him her hand.

"I fancy it is really only a case of sudden death, though the police are trying to twist it into a mystery," he answered thoughtfully; she noticed that he looked very solemn, and his face seemed paler than usual.

"It must have been rather a shock to you. Do you know who the lady was?"

"A Mrs. Armstrong—it appears. She only arrived yesterday afternoon, and no one knows anything about her. This morning the maid found her room empty when she went to call her, the bed had not been slept in, and afterwards the lady was discovered dead in her sitting-room."

"What makes them suspect any foul play?" Ruth asked in surprise, after hearing this very tame account.

"The doctor says there are bruises and marks on her throat which show that a violent attack had been made upon her, but whether this was the cause of death or not he cannot be positive at present. His theory is that she had been seized by the throat and half throttled; she probably then fainted with terror, and never regained consciousness."

"Did you hear anything during the night? Surely if there had been any sort of struggle someone must have known it."

"One would have thought so." His voice sounded tired, and he went over to the window and stood there looking down into the street while he continued speaking. "I heard nothing, I was dining at the Metropole with a fellow whom I met by chance, and I stayed there playing billiards with him until eleven o'clock or so. Then I went for a stroll along the front; I got back before twelve, and went straight to bed."

"*I know!*" Ruth was on the point of saying, remembering her vision of him the night before, but something prompted her to ask instead:

"Which rooms did this lady have, the drawing-room floor like mine?"

"No, an old Indian judge has taken those, but he's away just now; she had a bedroom above on the second floor, and her sitting-room was the little room built out at the back on the first landing, corresponding to the room I believe your maid has here."

"I see!" Ruth replied after a second's pause. She glanced at him quickly, he was still looking out of the window with a harassed,

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anxious expression on his face. She shivered slightly, with the sensation as of a cold hand having touched her; then she rose from her seat, and, going to him, said in a puzzled voice:

"I thought—I don't know why—but I thought you had that room at the back, I thought it was your bedroom."

"No," he answered, meeting her questioning gaze with perfect calmness, "My rooms are on the ground floor, the *dining-rooms*, as they call them—opening out of each other—very comfortable."

Ruth's heart had begun to beat with unaccountable activity, a strange and startling feeling of horror was creeping upon her mind, but for what reason she could not account. Had she been dreaming the night before when she stood on her doorstep, or could she have been the victim of some strange optical illusion when she saw, or fancied she saw, Jack Hargreaves mount the stairs and enter that room—the *murdered woman's room*. Evidently the expression of her face revealed to some extent what was passing through her mind, for Jack asked hurriedly:

"What is the matter, Ruth? Why do you look at me like that? And you are quite pale, child; are you ill?" He took her hands in his—she was trembling, and he led her quickly to a seat. "What is it, my darling?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing — at least I don't know—a sudden feeling of faintness. I think I am not well to-day. Please will you go away now and come back later?"

"I can't leave you like this—let me get you something, or call your servant."

"Indeed, I am all right, it is nothing; it is only hearing of this death — I suppose I am emotional." She tried to smile, for she could see he was puzzled and surprised at her manner. Some inexplicable feeling of distrust and alarm urged her to question him further.

"Had you never seen this Mrs. Armstrong? Did you know nothing of her?" she asked.

He stared at her, then rose from her side where he had been kneeling, and his face was stern as he answered:

"She was a stranger to me—but why do you ask, Ruth?" He paused for a moment, then added with a low, harsh laugh: "Do you think *I* killed the woman?"

"*Oh, no, no, no!*" she cried, covering her eyes with her hands. "Don't say such a horrible thing—but Jack—oh! I cannot explain—please leave me now."

He paced up and down the room, eyeing her gloomily. "I have to go back now to see these detectives again, they asked to look over my rooms, and I said I would step over here, and speak to them again on my return. I will come back later to you."

"What is it, my darling?" he asked anxiously.

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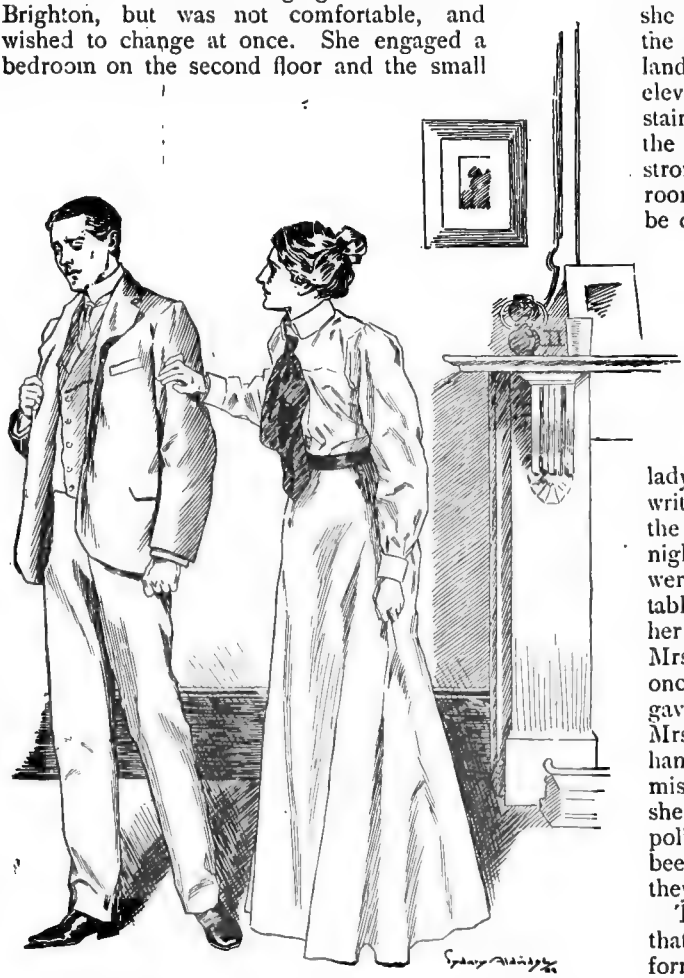
He took both her hands in his, stooped over her, and looking in her eyes, said :

"Ah, Ruth, I wonder whether you will ever understand how much every word, every look of yours is to me."

Then he kissed her hands reverently and went away. When she found herself alone, she realised with amazement that no word had passed between them on the pre-arranged purpose of his visit; he had not spoken of her promised answer to the all-important question of his love.

When the evening papers came out they were full of the "Brighton Mystery." Ruth sent for a paper, and read what it had to tell. The landlady's story was simple in the extreme. Mrs. Armstrong had called at her house the previous morning, and asked if there were any rooms to be let. The lady said she had been lodging elsewhere in Brighton, but was not comfortable, and wished to change at once. She engaged a bedroom on the second floor and the small sitting-room on the first floor at the back of the house; she paid a week's rent in advance, and arrived in the afternoon with her luggage —one small trunk and a dressing bag. She appeared to be a lady, was well dressed, and wore handsome jewellery, and was a good-looking woman of about forty. She dined at half-past seven o'clock, and when the landlady, Mrs. Briggs, went to see her after dinner to receive orders for the next day's breakfast, Mrs. Armstrong remarked that her sitting room was rather dull and gloomy, being at the back of the house, and she asked if there was no chance of her being able to move into the dining rooms later on. The reply was that Mr. Hargreaves, who was occupying them, might be leaving the next week—would she like to look at the rooms then, as he was out? She went down to the dining rooms with Mrs. Briggs, and said that she would engage them when the gentleman departed. The landlady saw her again about eleven o'clock, when going upstairs to bed, after putting out the gas in the hall. Mrs. Armstrong came out of her sitting room, and said she would like to be called at eight o'clock; that was the last time the lady was seen alive. The next morning Lizzie, the servant, came running downstairs about eight o'clock, and said that Mrs. Armstrong was lying dead in her sitting room. Mrs. Briggs went there, and found the lady seated on a chair by the writing table; she was wearing the pink tea-gown she had on the night before at dinner; her arms were stretched out across the table; she had fallen forward on her face—she was quite dead. Mrs. Briggs sent for a doctor at once, and at his suggestion, she gave information to the police. Mrs. Briggs noticed that some handsome diamond rings were missing from the lady's hand; she mentioned the fact to the police, but although search had been made for them in the house, they had not been found.



"Jack, Jack, only explain . . . I can forgive anything."

The newspaper further stated that Mr. Hargreaves had informed the authorities that he knew nothing of the matter, as

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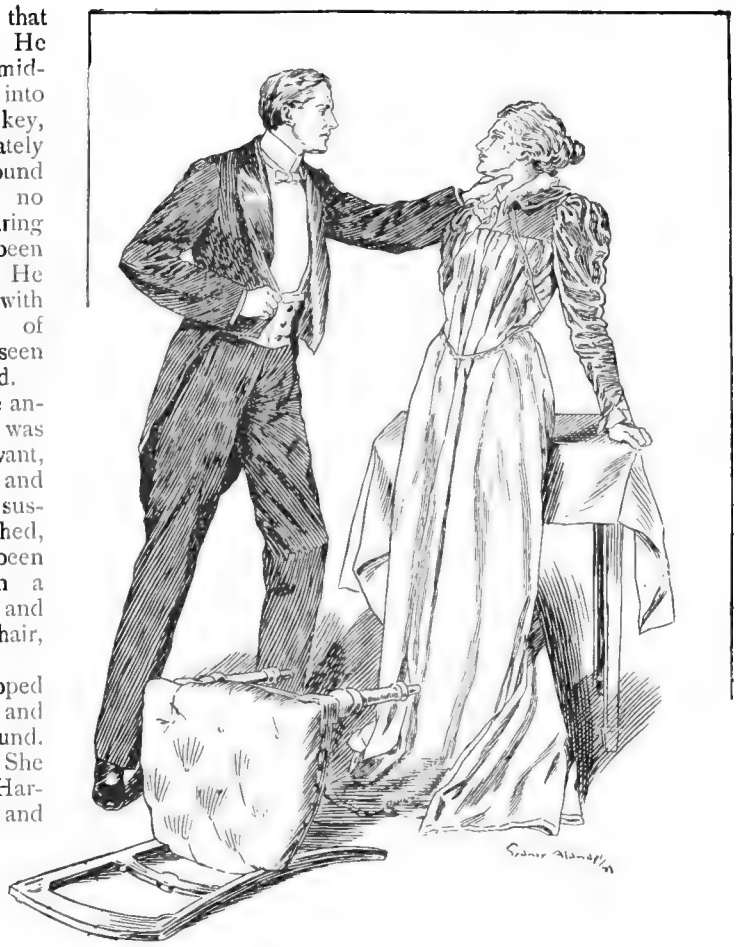
he had been dining out that evening with a friend. He had returned about midnight, had let himself into the house with his latch key, and had gone immediately to his rooms on the ground floor. He had heard no sound of movement during the night, and had not been disturbed in any way. He was not acquainted with anyone of the name of Armstrong, nor had he seen the lady since she arrived.

The latest intelligence announced in the paper was the arrest of the servant, Lizzie, whose peculiar and excited manner aroused suspicion. On being searched, the missing rings had been discovered wrapped in a piece of brown paper, and concealed amongst her hair, under her cap.

The newspaper slipped from Ruth's fingers and dropped to the ground. What did it mean? She herself had seen Jack Hargreaves mount the stairs and enter the room at midnight; yet he said nothing about it. What was the reason of this reticence, and why did he disown any knowledge of the lady? For what reason did he go to her room? He must have known her, and he *must*, at all events, have seen her that night.



"I then took her by the throat and shook her like a rat."

Jack Hargreaves entered the room. His eyes travelled to the paper at her feet.

"Studying the latest mystery?" he asked with an assumption of ease which did not deceive her. Ruth looked him straight in his face, and said in a low voice:

"Jack, tell me the truth—did you know this Mrs. Armstrong?"

His face darkened. "You asked me that question before. I confess I am at a loss to understand what you mean."

"I will tell you," Ruth answered quietly. And then she described to him what she had witnessed from her doorstep the night before.

There was silence between them when she finished. He stood confronting her, but uttering no word in reply.

"Have you any explanation to give me?" she asked.

"None!" he said briefly.

"What do you mean?" she asked breathlessly. "I could not have been mistaken. I would not tell you a lie, Jack. Why not explain to me at once for what reason you went to that lady's room last night?"

"I cannot tell you" he said, and his voice sounded like a knell in her ears. He did not deny the fact, he did not even say she was mistaken; by the expression of his face she knew that her eyesight had not played her false.

She clutched at his arm and clung to him, all the reserve of her proud, self-controlled nature was vanquished by the anguish of this revelation of his duplicity.

"Jack, Jack, only explain—only tell me everything! I can forgive anything—but not

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this silence. Can you not trust me? I will believe whatever you may say."

"*You will believe me?* Yes, Ruth, you may believe me, for I would not lie to you, but I must ask you now to trust me even if I am silent. You were right, I did enter her room, and I saw her — but I did not kill her."

She staggered back from him in speechless misery. Then she said slowly, "I have a right to know why you were there. Have you not asked me to be your wife?"

"And to-day you were to give me your answer," he groaned. "What was it to be, Ruth? Tell me, what was it to be?"

"It was to have been—*yes*," she answered steadily; "and it may still be yes, if you will only tell me the whole truth."

"The whole truth . . . this is the *whole truth*. That woman ruined my life fifteen years ago, when she met me, a raw youth, fresh from college, and full of the enthusiasm and joy of life. I imagined myself in love with her; she was older than I, and knew better the ways of the world. She fastened upon me like a vampire, and I have never been able entirely to free myself from her clutches. At times she has disappeared, and I have hoped she was dead, or gone for ever out of my life. Last night she reappeared. When I entered my room I found a note in her handwriting. She told me she was in the house, and must see me at once; she told me where to find her, and said if I did not go to her she would make a scene here and disgrace me. She had seen me with you, she had watched us together, she knew that I loved you. If I refused to see her she would come to you, she said.

"I burnt her letter, then took my candle and went to her. When I told her that she must leave the house the next morning, and that it would be best for her own interests to take herself off quietly without giving annoyance to either you or me, she burst into a furious rage. She attacked me in the vilest language, and ended by making a shameful accusation against you. I then took her by the throat and shook her like a rat. I was mad with rage, and I confess that, for the moment, I lost complete control over myself; but it was only for a moment, and I went out of the room, leaving her standing by the writing table. I did not kill her, Ruth; on my oath I did not kill her. She had begun to write a letter after I left her; the detective told me he found it on the table—just a few words of entreaty, without signature or any name—nothing to show to whom she was writing. Do you believe me now, Ruth?"

"Yes, Jack, I believe you—but this girl, the servant who has been arrested?"

"If it is necessary, of course I shall have to speak out at the enquiry. Oh, Ruth! don't hate and despise me! You don't know what I have suffered at this woman's hands."

"Please leave me," Ruth said sadly.

"I have pained you!"

"Yes, pained me beyond words."

"And I have lost your love?" His eyes were hungering for her answer.

"Not lost it, Jack, I must love you still, in spite of everything; but the love is changed."

She gave him her hand and he left her.

When the enquiry took place, Jack Hargreaves was not called to give any evidence, nor was it necessary. The doctor certified that Mrs. Armstrong had died from natural causes. There was heart disease of long-standing—any sudden shock might have killed her; she appeared to have died while writing a letter, which was produced in court. It ran: "Have pity, and for God's sake forgive me! I was mad and wicked, for I love you still, and in spite of everything. It is the thought that another woman will fill your life—a woman good, true, and pure; a woman as much above me as heaven is above the earth. It drove me to fury to think of her happiness and yours, but I see now how you must despise me, and what a wretched creature I must appear in your eyes. Ah! how low I have fallen——"

The letter broke off here—there was a blot on the paper, where the pen had evidently dropped from the nerveless hand.

The doctor further stated that there were some bruises upon her throat, which had been caused recently before her death, but there was no evidence to show when or by whom inflicted.

The servant, Lizzie, confessed that she had stolen the rings from the dead woman's hand. It was proved by a fellow-servant that the girl had slept in the same room with her, and had not been absent during the night.

Ruth saw Jack Hargreaves once before she left England for her tour in Switzerland. He said to her:

"Is there no answer for me, no hope?"

"Not now, not now; do not let us speak of that," she answered. "We must wait—and some day perhaps—I cannot say."

"But you love me, Ruth?"

"Yes, Jack, I shall love you always, and in any case."

And thus they parted.

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THE RUSSIAN CRUSOES OF SPITZBERGEN.

By General A. W. Greely.

Among the tales of heroic endeavour and self-helpfulness in Arctic castaways none is of livelier interest than that of the four Russian sailors who passed six years and three months on a desolate island off the east coast of Spitzbergen. It is a century and a half since their adventures excited wonder and admiration in England and Russia, and the story merits reproduction for a generation unfamiliar with the details. The account is amply substantiated, and can be relied upon as true.

For five hundred years the hardy Russian seamen of the White Sea region have ventured each summer to pursue the sea-game into the ice-clad waters south-east of Spitzbergen, and in the year 1743, Jeremiah Okladmkof, a Russian merchant of Mesen, Archangel, fitted out, as was his wont, a small vessel, with a crew of only fourteen men, for whaling in those seas. The early voyage was of fair winds and iceless sea, but eventually an adverse gale came and left the vessel ice-beset under conditions that threatened its speedy destruction. Fortunately the rising fog showed land about two miles distant, which the mate, Alexis Himkof, recognised as the wintering place of a previous Russian whaler.

The state of the ice grew from bad to worse, so that it seemed like suicide to remain in the ship. A council was held, and it was the opinion of all that the only chance of life lay in wintering on land.

With this resolve they sent four of their crew to spy out the resources of the island, and to find if there was a hut, which Alexis Himkof said had been built some years earlier. It fell to him to lead the party, for he was not only the mate, but was also familiar by report with the island. For this dangerous service he selected the best men of the crew, his godson, Ivan Himkoff, and two lance-men, Stephen Scharapof and Feodor Weregin.

The ice was so closely packed around the vessel that a boat could not even touch the water. Although the floes were not very heavy, the high winds and strong waves had packed them so closely together as to make it possible for the men to make their way to the shore on foot.

Accustomed on previous voyages to travel over ice of this kind during hunting expeditions, they knew that they must provide for contingencies; they also realised that a heavy load involves the perilous chance, of sinking between loose pieces of ice and drowning before help can come—the fate of many an overburdened whaleman. Each man had his usual clothing, and his inseparable pipe. Between them were carried a musket, a powder-horn with twelve charges of powder, twelve balls, an axe, a small kettle, a knife, a tinder-box and tinder, a bladder filled with tobacco, and a bag with about twenty pounds of flour.

With difficulty they reached the shore, and after a journey of a mile and half further, found the winter hut. Darkness fell on them, and they were obliged to pass a comfortless night in the dilapidated house. With early dawn they hastened to the shore to tell their comrades of their success, and to bring from the ship provisions, ammunition, and other articles for wintering.

What was their astonishment and dismay to find before them an open sea, whose bright sparkling expanse was unbroken by sail or ice-pack! Familiar with the weather of these seas, they knew that a sudden violent squall had broken up the pack and blown away or crushed their vessel. What had been the fate of their comrades? Would the ship return the next

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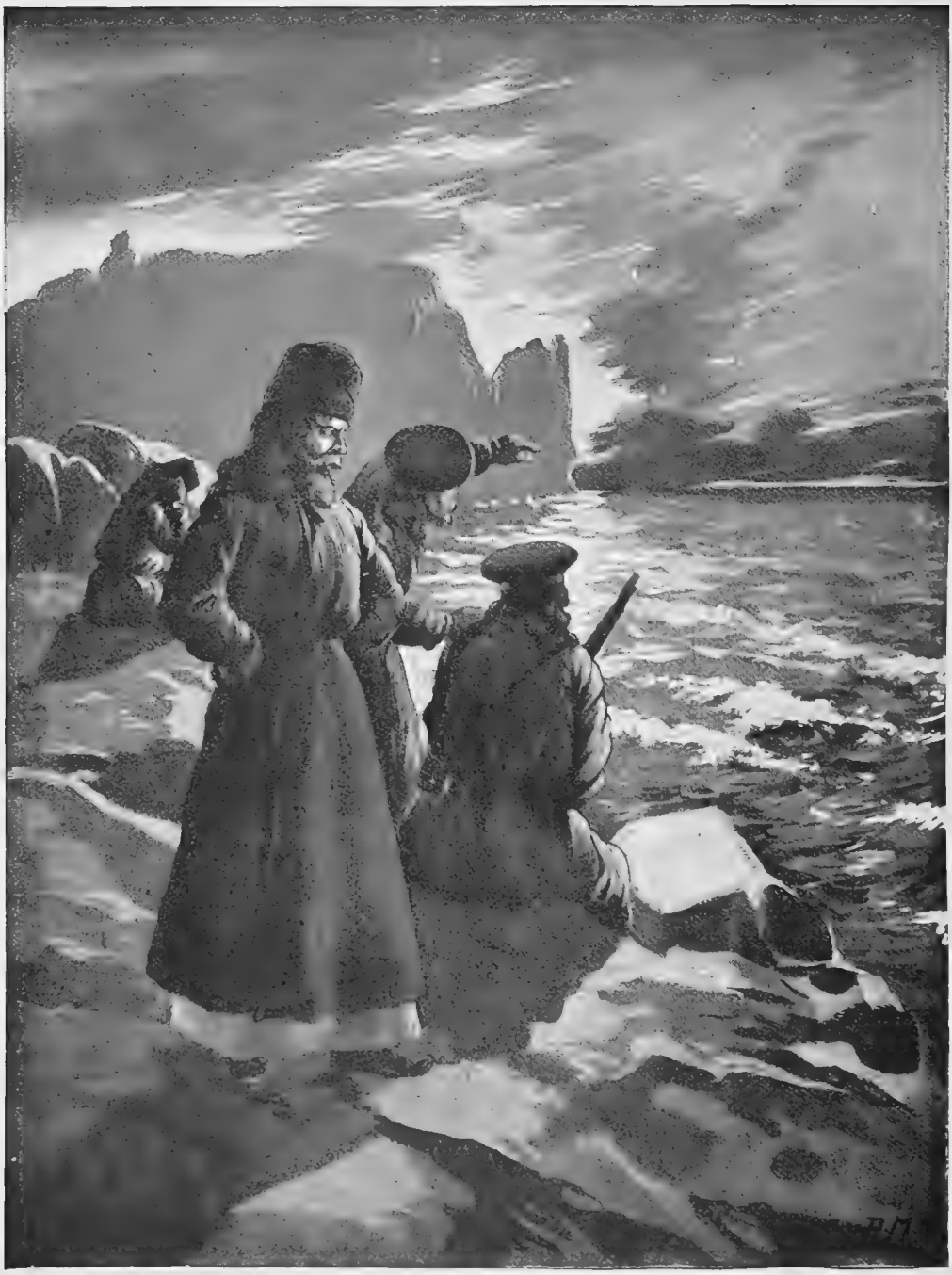

What was their astonishment and dismay to find before them an open sea! . . . What had become of their comrades?

day? or had her crew been driven from the sinking craft to perish by drowning, or by starvation on the drifting pack?

With a hitherto unknown sense of horror and despair, they went back to the wretched hut. Torn by conflicting emotions they

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alternately watched the sea in an agony of mind, or, with desperate energy, hunted over the island for means of subsistence. It was weeks before they gave up hope of their ship, which, indeed, was never again seen by men.

Food was their first thought. They soon found that the island abounded in reindeer, and so well did they use their twelve charges of powder and ball, that twelve deer were obtained, thus providing for their present wants.

Next they put in order their storm-beaten hut. It was a large wooden structure, thirty-six feet in length, eighteen in width, and the same in height. In front was a storm-porch, about twelve feet square, which added greatly to the warmth of the main room and the comfort of the occupants.

But time and weather had sadly impaired the tightness of the joints, and, as scarcely any two boards met, the blighting Arctic wind blew freely through the hut. This was a trifling matter, for one of the men was an expert axeman and carpenter, and soon joined the boards quite closely. Moss grew in great abundance, and with this they were able to stuff the cracks so as to make the building almost airtight.

In the main room was found an earthen stove, constructed in the manner usual among the lower classes of Russian peasants. This stove is a kind of oven, without a chimney, which serves in turn for heating, for baking, or as a place to sleep upon.

When a fire is kindled in these chimneyless stoves the room is filled with smoke, and the occupants, in order to gain relief from the stifling gases, must open wide the door and the small wooden shutters or sliding windows. As soon as the smoke descends to the level of these apertures it is carried out of the openings by wind-draughts.

The Russian stove burns but little fuel, and at first the castaways cooked their food with the odd pieces of wood found near the hut. But these were soon burned, and what was then to be done, for the cold was at times intense? Fuel must be had, both to cook the food and to warm the body.

The valleys were hunted over, but not a tree was to be found, not even a shrub. Moss, grass, and plants there were, of which, however, enough could not be gathered to serve as fuel through the long, cold winter.

But what the inhospitable land denied they found cast up by the sea as a gift from Heaven. Wandering along the beach, they saw here and there scant piles of driftwood — the wreckage of a ship, possibly of their own. Also there were logs worn smooth and almost water-soaked, and even whole trees and their roots—trees of kinds that had been familiar to the castaways in that dear country where they had been born and which they might never see again.

Deny themselves as they might, their stock of reindeer meat was being rapidly consumed. When that was gone how could they live? They had used all their powder, and it was not possible to secure reindeer without weapons of some kind. Try as they did, they could not run the beasts down.

Himkof and the others searched every corner of the hut, hoping to find somewhere a lance or net, or some article that might serve as a snare or a weapon. There was nothing, and they were quite in despair. Still they worked as was their wont, gathering fuel along the shore, and one day they chanced on a piece of wreckage that was hailed with great joy—some pieces of boards that yet had in them several long, thick nails that secured bits of old iron, the largest and most important being a long iron hook.

At the same time another man picked up on the shore a curved root of a fir tree, shaped nearly like a bow, which inspired the hope that it might serve as one. Working diligently with their only knife, they made with great labour quite a good bow out of this root. But they had neither arrows nor string. The wooden arrows they shaped were harmless without iron tips, and useless without bowstrings.

About this time they saw several white bears, whose attack they greatly feared, knowing by report the ferocity of these enormous animals.

They even tried to make lances, but their attempts to tip them with iron failed for lack of a hammer, for the stones they attempted to use as such spoiled their work again and again. It was then that the large iron hook saved them.

In the middle of the hook was a small hole, which they enlarged by heating the iron again and again and driving their largest nail in the hole, which was finally large enough to admit the end of the rude handle that they had fashioned. A round knob at one end of the hook served as the face of the hammer. Two reindeer horns were used as tongs, and a smooth pebble was their anvil. With such rude tools they made two spear-heads. Sharpening their tips on stones, they tied them with thongs of reindeer-skin to two long poles that had been cut out from drift-wood cast up by the sea.

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These were poor weapons with which to face the polar bear, but their food was almost gone. With misgivings they attacked one of the formidable white beasts and killed him, after an encounter of such peril that, during their stay of six years, they never again hunted bears, although in self-defence they killed nine of these brutes which attacked them.

Not only did the meat of the bear insure them against starvation, but its tendons and sinews afforded the needed means of perfecting the hunting weapons so necessary to their safety. With the tendons they made bow-strings, and with the sinews perfected their arrows by fastening feathers of sea-fowl to the shafts and iron heads which they had forged. With this bow they killed no fewer than two hundred and fifty reindeer, and a great number of blue and white foxes.

The questions of fire and cooking were most serious. Driftwood was scarce, the Russian stove unsuited to boil meat, their only food. Their tinder gave out, and they had no matches. Fortunately the fire started with their last tinder and was kept alive till their rescue.

Unprovided with wood suitable for starting a fire by friction, they cast about for means to secure themselves against such a terrible calamity as the loss of fire would entail. Finding a stratum of clay, they made a rough lamp in which to preserve fire continually. To their dismay the melted fat percolated on all sides through the unbaked earth.

Making a new lamp they heated it red hot and then plunged it into a thin paste which had been made with their small stock of flour. This treatment proved efficacious, and they duplicated this style of lamp later, wrapping it in linen rags soaked in the flour paste. Not knowing the Eskimo method of lamp-wicks made of moss they had recourse to twisted linen from their shirts and drawers. Later they used small bits of oakum and cordage that were now and then found among the drift wreckage on the shore. Thus their lamp burned without intermission until their rescue.

When fear of starvation had passed, they began to question as to how they might improve their fare, which had so far been raw or half-boiled meat of the reindeer. Feodor Weregin, in particular, said that he could no longer eat the unseasoned and unpalatable meat. It had been agreed that a little flour should be made into a cake on each birth, or saint's, day only, but exceptions were now made in Weregin's favour, and he was further helped for a while in seasoning his meat by a grain or two of powder shaken out of their powder-horn.

Fortunately the ocean at their very door was an unfailing source when salt could be had by evaporation—salt of a bitter taste, but salt which made food much more palatable. After they had been some while abandoned, it occurred to one of them to dry the meat. Part was sun-dried in summer, and part was smoke-dried by hanging it near the roof of their living-room.

Late in October the sun totally disappeared, and the long Arctic night of nearly four months commenced. Far the greater part of the winter was passed in the inner hut. The mate, Alexis Himkof, was a pilot of skill, familiar with the courses of the stars, which he noted in winter, and the heights of the sun, which he determined in summer by a rough cross-staff that he made. In this way he kept the record of the time so accurately that he was only two days in error at the end of six years. Doubtless these days were lost during some of the violent winter storms.

The winter night offered many fine views of the aurora borealis, which relieved the monotony, but unfavourable conditions sometimes cast the whole party into deep gloom, when the unfortunate men would scarcely speak a word to each other. For instance, they often felt desperate when the reindeer became shy and avoided the valleys near the hut, so that long and wearisome marches were necessary before the hunter could spy a single deer, and even then the occasions were not infrequent when the animal scented danger out of bow-shot and was off in a trice.

Such fits of gloom became more and more frequent, and it seemed as if the party would perish from despair alone, though the men were in the midst of ample food and in physical comfort. But the native wisdom of Himkof, and his keen knowledge of human nature again devised means of safety.

"We have proved," said he, "our power of wresting from this wretched island food, heat, light, clothing, and shelter, so that we can live until it shall please the good God to send a ship to take us to our home and country. But when the ship comes, as come it will, shall we be found ragged, destitute sailors, or resolute, hopeful, and fortunate hunters, whose skill has accumulated such a stock of furs as will make us envied rather than pitied? Around us are troops of white and blue foxes, the latter having fur of great value. Let us work diligently so as to insure our own fortunes, or, if God so wills, leave them as a heritage to be carried to our homes

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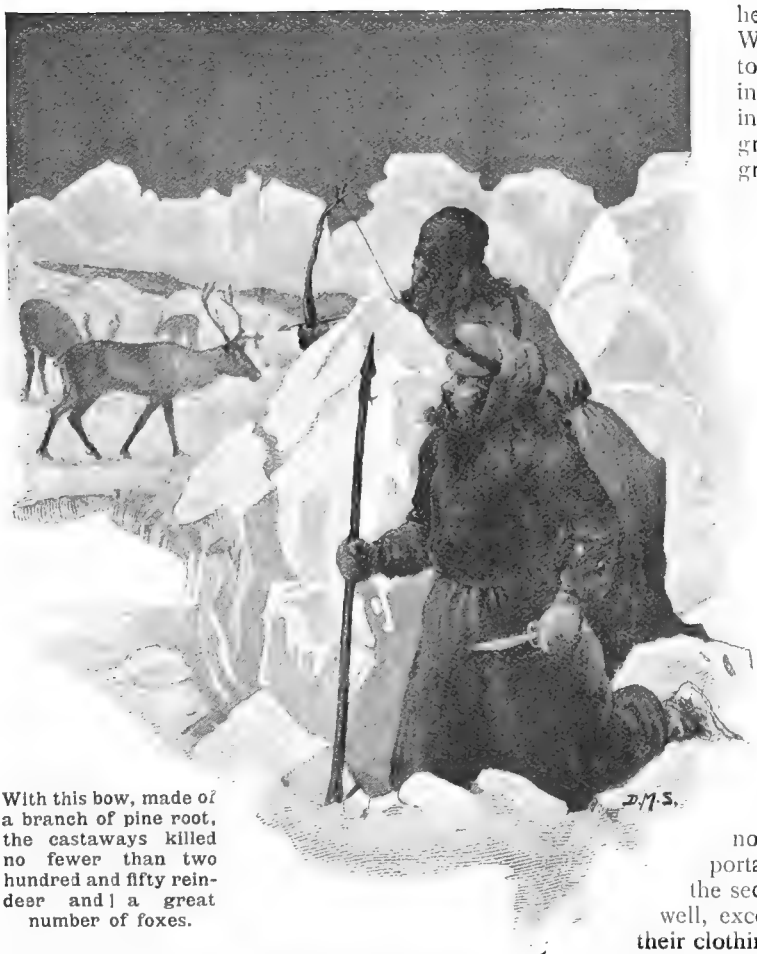

With this bow, made of a branch of pine root, the castaways killed no fewer than two hundred and fifty reindeer and a great number of foxes.

by the brave Russian seamen who may find them many years hence."

Fired by the advice of their leader, Himkof the younger and Scharakof set to work to secure skins of value, and from that day forth the prospects of a fortune and a brighter future made the toils and labours of each lighter than before.

The greatest trouble in winter arose from the frequent and much dreaded visits of polar bears. Ravenous with hunger and unfamiliar with any form of life that could withstand their attacks, these animals, approaching under cover of darkness, struck terror into the hearts of our castaways. Occasionally an animal fled when the sailors made a determined defence, but others persisted in the attack and even forced their way into the anti-chamber of the house. Under such conditions they slew nine bears.

Under Alexis Himkof's guidance they used every method to retain their vigorous health, save Feodor Weregin. While others took active exercises, did in each day his duty, ate in summer the scurvy-grass (*cochlearia*) that grew in spots, fed on fresh meat, and drank freely of the blood of the reindeer, Weregin was averse to meat, would not drink blood, fell into his natural lazy habits, kept to the hut as far as the others would permit, and ended by succumbing to an illness that early incapacitated him, steadily weakened him, and made it necessary for his companions to feed and tend to him as if he were an infant.

With returning summer they hoped in vain for the coming of a vessel. The year rounded out with no event of startling importance, and the coming of the second winter found them well, except Weregin, although their clothing was quite in rags.

They now decided to replenish their wardrobe with suits of reindeer skins. First they soaked the skins in fresh water for several days, and then pulled off the hair. Rubbing in their hands the wet hides until they were nearly dry, this operation was repeated after applying a coat of melted reindeer fat to the skin. They thus produced a soft, pliant, and supple leather admirably suited for clothing. By somewhat similar methods, they dressed skins with the hair on, and used them for outer garments.

Other difficulties now arose, for they had neither needles for sewing garments, nor awls for making boots. Their ingenuity was equal to the occasion. While they found it comparatively easy to forge iron wire of quite small size, the making of eyes in the needles was a more difficult, indeed, a seemingly impossible operation. After all kinds of experiments, involving much toil and trouble, they ground their only knife to a very sharp

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point, and, heating red-hot the wire, pierced with the knife-blade a hole through one end of the rough needle. The whetting and polishing of the needle was easily done, and although the rough edges of the eye of the needle often cut the bear sinews that served as thread, they proved, nevertheless, efficient tools for tailoring.

Their summer dress consisted of jacket and trousers made of dressed reindeer skins. In winter they wore long fur gowns, topped with a hood that had only an aperture for the face. Closed in front, these gowns were slipped over the head like a shirt or sweater.

Occasionally the polar bears forced their way into the ante-chamber of the hut.

Years came and years went without a break in their monotonous life save the gradual failure of Weregin, who finally passed away in the sixth winter of their enforced exile. He died when the ground was so frozen that they were compelled to dig a grave in the snow as deep as they could, where the corpse might be free from the white bears.

To avoid the possibility of starvation, they hunted assiduously, fed abstemiously and accumulated food. When the seventh summer began in 1749, they had a great store of reindeer fat, skins of the Polar bear and reindeer, and a large number of peltries of the valuable blue fox.

The 15th of August, 1749, was a day of intense excitement and joy to our sailors. Suddenly, as if sprung out of the sea, a vessel rose up before them and came sailing along the coast. While one ran to the beach and waved a flag of reindeer's hide fastened to a pole, the others built fires on the top of the nearest hills. With indescribable joy they saw their signals regarded, and the vessel anchor near shore. It proved to be a Russian vessel, whose crew viewed their savage appearance with astonishment and listened to the extraordinary adventures. The captain received them kindly and brought them to Archangel.

The shipwrecked men agreed to work their passage and to pay eighty roubles for the freight on their riches, which consisted of 2,000 lb. of reindeer fat, ten skins of the white bear, and hundreds of the reindeer and the white and blue foxes, enough, in short, to insure comfort for years in their humble village homes.

Strangely the happiness of Alexis Himkof at home coming was nearly destroyed, for his eager wife, in her haste to embrace her husband, fell into the sea and narrowly escaped drowning.

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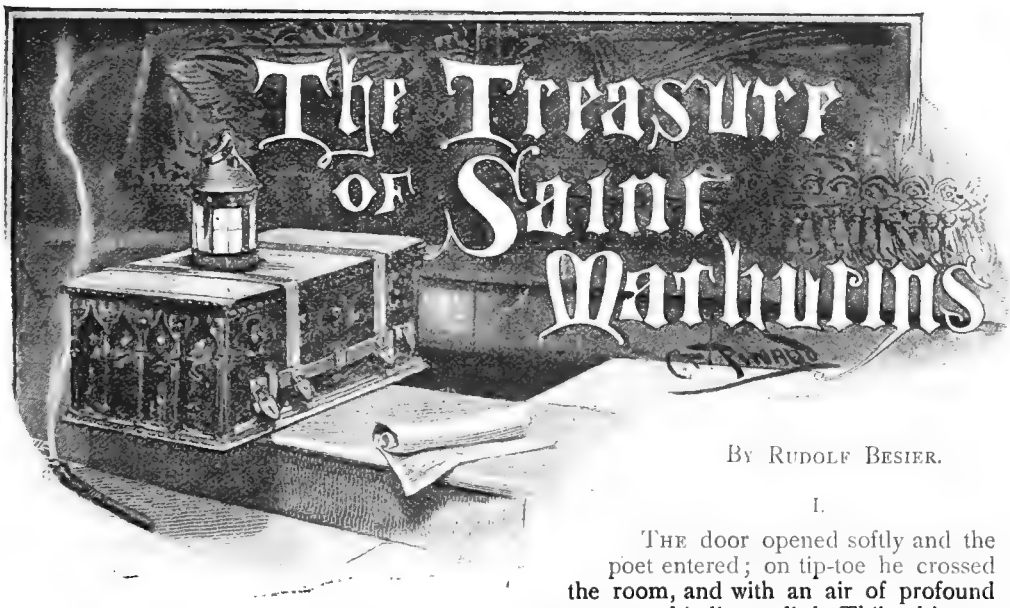

By Rudolf Besier.

I.

The door opened softly and the poet entered; on tip-toe he crossed the room, and with an air of profound mystery, put his lips to little Thibault's ear.

"*Mon cher Petit*," he whispered, "if untold wealth were placed in your hands, would you pitch it out of the window?"

"Eh, what?" Little Thibault dropped the implement he was polishing, and a look of annoyance augumented his natural ugliness. He hated the poet's idle chatter; he was a practical man-of-the-world, was little Thibault.

The poet repeated his mystic query.

"Fool!" and little Thibault resumed his work, the scowl fixed on his face.

But, quite unabashed, the poet squatted tailorwise on the floor in front of him.

"Little man, you are beautiful as a gargoyle of Notre Dame," he said earnestly with a languishing glance; then, on a sudden, in a tone of business-like directness—"My friend, I have discovered a certain clue to the hidden treasure of Saint Mathurin's Church."

It was Villon who spoke, François Villon, *alias* François de Moncorbier, *alias* François de Loges, *alias* Michael Monton—Villon, the ribald songster, the beautiful balladist, the scamp, the brawler, the housebreaker—Villon, who else? You knew him at a glance by his easy slouching figure, his wild red hair, loose lips, and great insolent eyes. The pride of a notorious gang whose daring robberies shocked the god-fearing people of Paris, Villon owed allegiance to none, save only to the Muse of Poesy, into whose lap he pitched his naughty rhymes, and to the merry god, Bacchus, whom he never wearied of pledging in red Beaune. As for Thibault, the shocking little rascal, his position in the gang resembled St. Peter's among the blessed saints: he kept the keys, or, to be more accurate, the pick-locks. Dwarfed, ugly, ill-tempered, but as perfect an artist in his peculiar line as Michael Angelo in the art of sculpture—such was little Thibault; and not even the intricate lock on the gate of the Inferno would have power to withstand his skill, though guarded in person by the Prince of Darkness.

"My friend," said the poet, "I have discovered a certain clue to the treasure of St. Mathurin's."

Thibault looked up sharply but said nothing; the scowl had passed from his face, and his eyes grew brilliant and eager, as the eyes of a rat.

"Listen!" Villon went on. "Last night I supped with Dom Nicholas of the Franciscans. You know him?—a friar of weighty proportions, and most saintly piety, albeit not a whit contemptuous of goodly cheer; one that empties his flagon with true feeling and a full appreciation of its divine properties—a man after my heart! Well, and last night he acquitted himself heroically. *Ventre bleu!* he might have drowned in the liquor he swallowed—and the good wine loosened his tongue—his even! a tongue too fat by nature to wag with ease. We discoursed of sundry matters, and I bemoaned the ill-luck that doomed me to live a poor man.

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"'Ah, my son,' he said, 'were I unfrocked and a knave, I might with ease be as rich as any man in Paris.'

"Oho! thought I, the old badger has feathered his hole against evil times; I must hear more of this. So I filled his cup, and with all reverence expressed myself incredulous. That put him on his mettle, as I calculated, and he snapped at the bait.

"'Eh?' he splutters. 'You doubt it? Very good. But look you,' he says "I know where a priceless treasure lies hidden. Holy Saints! and such a treasure!'

"'Marvellous!' I retort, and smile and shrug my shoulders.

"'Marvellous it is!' he snorts, waxing red as a beetroot. 'Very good. You think yourself wise, eh? Then look here.' And the old fool produces a folded parchment from a pocket brought into his inner vest just above his heart. 'With this to guide me,' he says, 'I could pick up seven golden chalices, seven golden plates, seven golden censers, seven golden crucifixes, and all of them encrusted with great gems.'"

"*Mort de ma vie!*" ejaculated Thibault. "The treasure of Saint Mathurin's!"

"Truly," cried the poet, with climbing excitement. "And 'tis waiting for you and Tabary and me. Nicholas sleeps and wakes with that parchment on him. We must get it. *O mon cher petit*, we shall grow fat at last!"

"Twist the friar's neck?" queried the practical Thibault.

"Fie, man! And you an artist!" cried the poet, deeply shocked. "Such methods! So gross! so barbarous! And think of the unnecessary risk! No, no. But we must extract the parchment from its hiding-place, copy it, and return it, without the good saint having the least suspicion of the transaction."

"Very pretty," sneered the other. "But how?"

"How? You dull-witted little picklock! Have I not said the worthy father is partial to good cheer?"

"Well?"

"Well? Well? Dolt! Give him as much red Beaune as he can put away, and mix a sleeping draught with it." A light dawned on the little man's face. "Listen," continued the poet rapidly. "I shall invite the old pig to sup with me at 'The Mule' to-morrow. You and Tabary must be there also. He will sleep; we shall get the parchment, copy it, and replace it before he wakes. The rest!——

The little man grinned and nodded, and rubbed his long bony hands.

"Dear Saints!" said Villon solemnly, leaping to his feet, with flying hair, "I thank you for my genius." Then suddenly embracing his companion—"Adieu, my beloved! I go to the good Father."

With a long stride he precipitated himself out of the room; but the next instant his flaming head was thrust in again.

"Bring your tools with you to-morrow night."

"Eh—why?"

"Your tools," shouted the poet, as he leapt down the ricketty staircase four steps at a time.

II.

A dark ramshackle structure in the vilest quarter of Paris, "The Mule" tavern was remarkable for nothing save its signboard which shewed a crimson mule rampant upon azure clouds.

In a dirty low-ceiled room on the first storey sat the three conspirators, Villon, Thibault, and Guy Tabary, the last a pale, lanky fellow of small wit, but devoutly attached to the poet his *aide-de-camp*, so to speak, and best pleased when most bullied. Facing them across the table sat Dom Nicholas. A great fire roared up the chimney, and two torches attached to the chimney-piece flared redly on the table with its platters and goblets, and threw weird shadows on the grimy walls; while without the fierce breath of December howled like a tortured animal.

No one spoke; the moment was intense with bridled excitement. For the plot had succeeded; not ten minutes since Villon had mixed a drug with the good Father's wine; the potion was doing its treacherous duty, and six distended eyes were fixed on the unlucky saint. Seated well back in his chair, he was, in truth, a vision of dread and wonder, his hands folded on his ample waist, and his small, round mouth opening slowly while his head fell jerkily backwards. Suddenly above the screaming wind rose the first snore.

Tabary giggled in an ecstacy of triumph.

"Silence, fool!" hissed little Thibault, with a savage glance.

Softly Villon rose, and, stealing up to the priest's side, examined his silly features.

"Gentlemen," he said, with becoming gravity, "the saint sleepeth."

Tabary leapt up from his seat with a guttural ejaculation; but the poet, deftly leaning across the table, nipped his ear and forced him back into his chair.

"Down Guy!"—as though he were addressing a dog. "And keep a still tongue."

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Rapidly his large hands went to work on the unfortunate friar; the others watched breathlessly. What if the parchment were missing? But no; a nod from Villon reassured them, and the next moment he drew forth a folded sheet. Thibault was beside him in an instant and examining the prize; a blank look came upon their faces—the parchment was sealed.

With a muttered ejaculation, Villon grasped the dagger at his belt. Thibault's hand arrested him.

"Art mad?" he whispered. "We must break the seal, and secure the treasure to-night. No time to copy the plan. Were he to find the seal broken before we had the treasure he might warn the Bishop. We must take this with us to Saint Mathurin's, finish the work, and return the thing to his pocket before he wakes. He will sleep till morning."

Suddenly above the screaming wind rose the first snore.

"When he finds the seal broken, and hears of the missing treasure, he may accuse us to the Bishop."

"Tut, man! he would never dare. We should simply deny."

"True."

The poet broke the seal, and four eyes devoured the parchment with brilliant satisfaction."

"Right!" was little Thibault's comment, "We start immediately. The church door will be locked at this hour of night. Lucky I brought my tools!"

"Poet and prophet I—*Ciel—!*" With a huge thud that shook the house to its foundations, the unconscious priest had tumbled from his chair on to the floor. Tabary started from his seat with a terrified yell, and the three conspirators stood glaring down on the fallen. Heavily groaning the wretched man essayed to rise, and clutched the vacant air with a blind hand; but gradually the recumbent bulk subsided, and the groans merged into snores, reassuring, sonorous.

"Ah!" breathed little Thibault, the colour returning to his lips.

Tabary laughed hysterically.

"May the good saints hallow with virgin dreams thy slumber," said the poet solemnly. Then, with a sudden laugh —"And lest thou shouldst hunger vainly in the morning — this!" And seizing a bowl full of Dutch herrings floating in a savoury sauce, he emptied the contents into the monk's hood.

"François, thou crazy varlet!" gasped Thibault. "But let be! Come."

Laughing, they extinguished the torches and stole down the stairs, but, before quitting the tavern, they bade the landlord leave the good father undisturbed until they should return. Then the night swallowed them, and upstairs Dom Nicholas

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A great, melancholy crucifix glimmered down on them from above.

snored a solemn accompaniment to the choral wind.

III.

Lost in the snow and the darkness, the steeples of Saint Mathurin's Church shrilled to the driving storm. In corners of the streets the snow lay in deep drifts, and so harsh was the wind that, despite the goodly supper they had washed down with red Beaune, our three worthies felt their ardour somewhat cooled by the time they arrived at their destination.

"Now," said the poet in a rapid undertone to little Thibault, "while you open that door, we two will keep watch, each fifty strides away to right and left. Should the patrol heave in sight, we whistle. Keep your eyes open, Guy."

Poor Tabary shivered and nodded; he wished himself devoutly back in the hospitable "Mule."

So they separated, each man to his post. There was little danger of interruption, the good citizens preferring their warm beds and firesides to the inclement weather, and the patrol—for even the patrol are human—haply warming their vitals in some friendly tavern. But little Thibault was unconscionably long at work; perhaps the bitter cold numbed his cunning fingers. An hour slipped by, and still he made no sign. The frozen sentries discerned him dimly through the veiling snow as he picked busily by the faint light of his lanthorn. Villon began to stamp about and beat his arms against his sides. Tabary, all doubled together, crouched for shelter against the wall. Another half hour, and still no sign! Tabary's meagre sense was forsaking him; Villon, with muttered profanities, was on the point of forsaking his post.

At last!—Thibault waved the lanthorn. The poet, with a few strides, gained the porch.

"*Peste!* You lazy little villain!" he cried hoarsely. "I am a stone! I am an icicle! Is't open?"

"Yes."

"Guy! *Mort-Diable!* where has the skulking ass betaken himself? Hist—Guy!"

"H—h—here," quavered the wretched Tabary as he crawled into sight, the chattering of his teeth audible ten yards away.

"Look alive, dolt!" growled the poet, thumping him on the back. "Look alive, goat!"—seizing him by the wallet and shaking him till he gasped for breath. "So . . . . ! Now listen. While we are inside you keep watch. Stand against the opposite wall directly facing the porch, and keep your eyes open."

"Ah, no!" whined the unhappy Guy. "Let me in, François, I pray y—you! I am dy—dying of—ff co—cold."

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"Then, by my faith," returned the poet cheerily, "I have a mind to warm you till you yelp for the cold!"

Tabary made for his post double quick.

The others pushed the door open, entered, and closed it carefully behind them. The darkness was absolute, and, though intensely cold, the atmosphere, being free from wind, was grateful to their numbed skins.

By the lanthorn's feeble glimmer they picked their way carefully up the aisle. No word was spoken until they came to the altar steps; then Thibault asked for the plan, and, crouching on the steps, they bent their heads over it in the dim light.

"See, it lies beneath the second step," whispered Thibault, pointing to a red cross on the plan; "and the clue is somewhere on the altar—a knob, doubtless, to be pressed or pulled. Come."

They climbed the steps, and, light having been thrown on the altar, both rascals peered, and on a sudden, started back with smothered exclamations, and crossed themselves with fearful fingers. A great melancholy crucifix glimmered down on them from above. Villon stood awhile motionless, his wide-opened eyes fixed, as though entranced, upon the holy image, the enormity of the intended sacrilege stealing over him with a vague, spiritual terror. For a moment the inclination possessed him to turn and fly. But little Thibault was already peering and poking among the candlesticks and vases—no man less impressionable than he.

"I see nothing," he growled hoarsely; then, getting no reply, turned about abruptly, flinging the light on Villon's white, upraised face.

"François," he whispered fearfully. "François!"

With an effort the poet shook off the terror that held him.

"What?" he faltered, advancing unsteadily.

"The clue—I—" stammered Thibault with dry lips; for the other's eyes were full of a wild light, and his face livid with passion.

"Suddenly Villon burst into a fierce, ugly laugh. "By all that is holy!" he cried, "if we are to be cursed—so be it. Out of the way!" and pushing Thibault roughly aside, he snatched violently at the crucifix on the wall; but, instead of coming loose, it slid a foot downwards, as though fixed in a groove. He leaped back, his hand still poised in the air, and the blood rushing to his face.

There was a moment's silence. Then little Thibault, having recovered his equanimity, warily turned the light about him and peered into the darkness. His eyes fell on the second step, and, quick as lightning, his left hand closed on the poet's arm.

"François—see! see!" he cried. "The crucifix was the clue!"

He pointed to the second step, of which the upper slab had fallen in, revealing a dark cavity some two yards in length. In an instant he was on his knees beside

Dom Nicholas sat in the centre of the floor, and glared about him with dazed, blood-shot eyes.

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it, and his hand plunged swiftly into the blackness.

"Holy saints, 'tis here!" he gasped. "I feel it—a coffer. *O mon Dieu!* 'tis heavy!" With set teeth he essayed to haul out the prize, swearing the while and praying, like one demented.

Then Villon, with an excited laugh, his weird seizure gone like an April storm, pushed the gasping little rascal aside, and with a strong effort, hauled out a high, long coffer.

"It's locked," he whispered hoarsely.

"We must take it as it is."

But ah, little Thibault, you reckoned without your host.

IV.

The worthy landlord of the "Mule" had fully intended to carry out Villon's instructions, and leave Dom Nicholas in undisturbed possession of his holy dreams; but the unexpected arrival of sundry wayfarers drove all else out of his mind, so that he neglected to communicate the pressing injunctions to his excellent spouse. She, accordingly, some while after the guests had left, armed herself with a tray and repaired to the room they had vacated in order, as was her wont, to clear the board.

There was no light in the room save that supplied by the glowing embers and fitful flames of the hearth, and in a ruddy dusk the good woman set to work putting the bowls and platters on the tray which she supported against her hip.

"Even the fish!" she grumbled removing the empty herring-bowl. "But what would you? Those priests could swallow their—"

Here her foot, coming in vigorous contact with the recumbent Father's head, elicited a mysterious snort.

"*Sacré nom—!*" she gasped, jumping back and letting the tray with all its burden fall on the unlucky saint.

With a dreadful bellow he rolled his huge bulk into a sitting posture and struck out blindly with feet and hands. In the doubtful gloom he was but vaguely perceptible, and the poor woman, unstrung already, lost all control of her nerves, and filling the house with terrified screams, made for the door.

"It is a bear!" she cried hysterically rushing in to her husband and clutching his arm. "Oh Jean, a bloodthirsty bear!"

"*Diable!* Thou vile woman! I am undone indeed!"—and seizing a torch from the mantel he sprang up the stairs.

With guttural screams he outsped the wind.

Snorting like a grampus, Dom Nicholas sat in the centre of the floor and glared about him with dazed, blood-shot eyes. The landlord prostrated himself with vehement apologies, but the luckless friar neither pardoned nor upbraided; he only glowered around in shocked bewilderment. He was fully awakened by the harsh treatment he had undergone, and his dense mind was laboriously unweaving the tangled threads of

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recollection. He began to groan and mutter disjointed phrases, and then suddenly becoming silent, thrust an unsteady hand beneath his cassock, and fumbled in search of something with ludicrous haste. . . .

It was gone! . . . His agitation was fearful to behold; his imprecations shocking on the lips of a saint.

"Villain!" he roared, attempting to rise, but falling back heavily. "Thief! Give it me—my plan! Oh! Oh! Give it me back!——"

"By all saints, I swear ——" began the other, but fell back amazed.

For Dom Nicholas had come on daylight. All at once he remembered having shown the parchment to Villon; dimly he discerned the purpose of the supper. He had fallen asleep; he had been robbed; Villon and his companions were sacking the church. . . . With a huge effort he gained his feet, and, choking and storming, rolled to the door and down the stairs and into the street. The icy wind met him and buffeted him against the wall. Recovering, he pressed onward fast as his bulk would allow in the direction of St. Mathurin's, filled with tempestuous determination to prevent the robbery.

Then came the tragic finale. Having put behind him half the distance, he was, perforce, slackening his pace through sheer lack of breath, when all at once his ear caught the patter of rapid steps and the hard panting of some pursuer close upon his heels. Now, the street declined somewhat steeply, and the unhappy priest, much as he wished to draw up, had to continue his downward course, a bulk like his, when once set in motion, being a thing defiant of all control. But he glanced over his shoulder as best he might, and, dear Heaven! the shock that glance gave him.

Three great beasts, their fangs gleaming, their eyes glowing, were full on his track.

Until that moment the well-favoured saint had never gauged his athletic capacities. With gutteral screams he outsped the wind. Through his terrified mind reeled horrid tales and grisly memories. One severe winter in his childhood, wolves, had devoured children in the very heart of Paris. These frightful beasts were wolves beyond the cavil of a doubt—wolves that thirsted for his blood!

He gasped and gabbled the name of every saint that occurred to him; he prayed brokenly; he swore to do penance for all his little sins. Let Heaven but preserve him, he would fast five days a week, and abjure the use of wine until his dying hour—ah, by St. François! he would don a hair shirt and never wash himself for ten years.

It was, in sooth, an uncanny spectacle that suddenly rolled upon Guy Tabary as he crouched outside the porch, and blew on his frozen finger-nails—a wild spectacle, and full of strange noises, indefinable in the starless gloom, but pregnant with hideous possibilities. The poor man lost his nerve completely, made for the church door, thrust his head in, and yelled the first word that came to his mind:

"The patrol!"

Villon and Thibault had just lifted the coffer between them as the dreaded cry shrilled up the aisle.

"Out with the light!" whispered the poet.

Thibault flung it with all his force against the floor. At the same moment the door was violently flung open and the darkness filled with a blood-curdling din.

"*Croix-Dieu!* they have loosed the dogs on us," gasped Thibault.

"We must run for it," hissed the poet; and the two worthies made a headlong dash down the aisle, coming half-way in tremendous collision with the luckless friar. Villon struck fiercely at his invisible foe, overturned him, and leaped out into the night, little Thibault panting at his heels.

But all motionless in the dark church lay Dom Nicholas, and over his prostrate form those dreadful animals growled and fought.

V.

When the dawn glanced coldly through the church windows, the friar lifted his eyelids, sat up, and looked cautiously around him. His first conclusion was truly sensational: he was whole and not devoured. All praise, therefore, to the good St. François, who had intervened and saved him from the ravening wolves! Because the friar's hood had been emptied of those Dutch herrings, are we to conclude that the wolves were mere dogs, ravenous and attracted by the smell of fish? No, no! to St. François be the credit.

His second conclusion was that he had averted the infamous theft (though, indeed, here too the credit may be due to St. François), and had regained his precious plan. For there lay the coffer at the foot of the altar, and beside it, his lost parchment.

Then he rose, and, having returned both objects to their respective hiding-places, ambled homewards. And let us hope that he fulfilled those pious vows made in the hour of peril: that he fasted with diligence and abjured the use of wine; that he wore a hair-skirt, and avoided washing himself for ten years.

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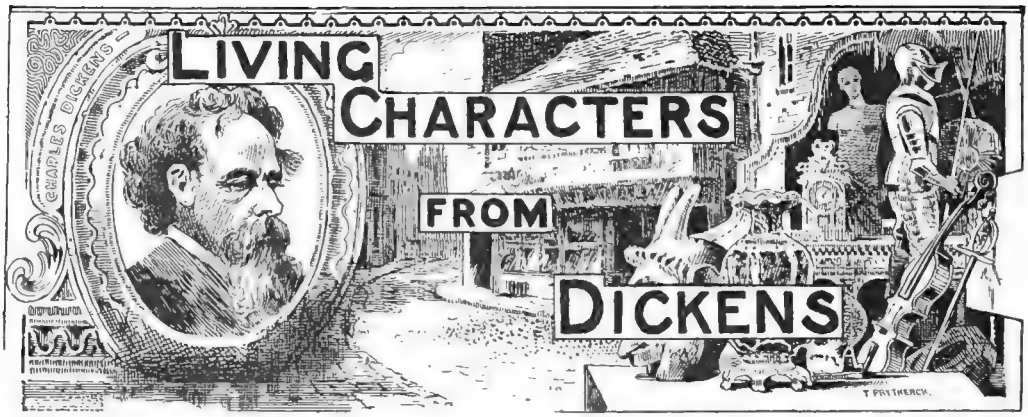

By H. J. Holmes.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

The lover of Dickens and all his works finds little difficulty in beholding, with his mind's eye, the many characters so deftly word-sketched by the pen of England's most facile writer. But it is a finer pleasure to see those characters in very life; to hear them talk; to note their varied movements and idiosyncrasies; in fact, to meet the living creations of the master-mind.

Fagin, the Jew.

It has been the pleasure of many to have this experience for Mr. Bransby Williams, the talented young man who has studied Dickens with such graphic effect, is known to thousands throughout the United Kingdom. Few there be who will hesitate to say that his is a wonderful performance. He guides his audience right through the heart of Dickens' works, and all to their delight.

Mr. Williams is exceedingly clever in portraying most people; but, in my opinion, he is most successful in Dickens. I think I am not be far wrong in deciding that the creator of "Jo," and "Bill Sykes," holds a large and warm corner of Mr. Williams' heart.

A West End audience first became acquainted with Mr. Bransby Williams as a suddenly called-on substitute for the most popular comedian who has ever appeared on the English music-hall stage. A solemn silence hushed the house when Mr. Dan Leno's "turn" should have come, but, owing to the indisposition of the famous comedian, it was announced that Mr. Bransby Williams would appear instead in a series of portrayals of prominent persons. To put it briefly, Mr. Williams scored a success, and a month's engagement resulted. After a round of "imitations," Mr. Williams

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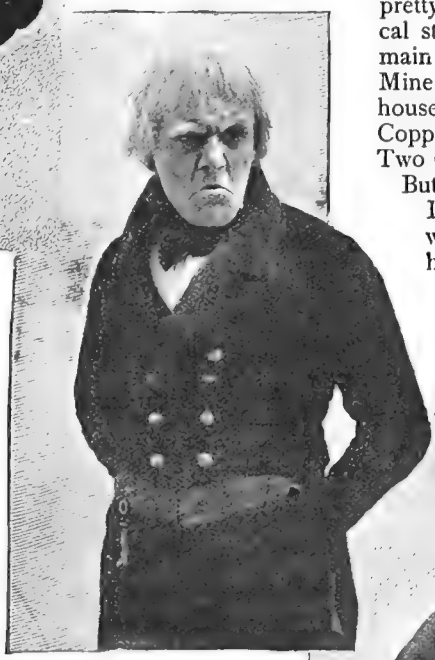
decided to delineate Dicken's characters. He studied the original drawings by Barnard, and it did not take him long to make another success in London. Many admirers of Dickens expressed appreciation by letter, and souvenirs of the author dropped in as tokens of regard for the clever performance. Why is it that impersonators such as Mr. Bransby Williams invariably select the characters from Dickens's novels for impersonation, and never, or scarcely ever, those from the works of Thackeray, George Elliot, Scott, Rider Haggard, Guy Boothby, Conan Doyle, and other widely-read authors of the past and the present? In the first place Dickens retains even to-day the position of the most popular author England has ever had. Of course, he is no longer quite what he used to be—say twenty years ago. Taste has changed incalculably since then, and new novelists have come to the fore and pitted themselves against Dickens for the ear to the multitude. Indeed, I think I may say that Mr. Rider Haggard, for instance, has drawn after him a public that runs Dickens pretty close as regards numerical strength. "Allan Quartermain" and "King Solomon's Mines" are almost as much household words as "David Copperfield" and "The Tale of Two Cities."

Mr. Pecksniff.

But the main reason why Dickens finds such favour with impersonators is not his popularity, but the peculiarly vital and intense individuality, which he gives to each of his characters.



Scrooge.

Suppose one of Thackeray's characters were impersonated — Major Pendennis for instance —what would be the result? Failure, nothing more nor less, even with the most perfect impersonation. There is nothing intensely individual in Thackeray's people; they are all of them more or less commonplace or too complex for acting. Neither would the characters of any other author be likely to succeed on the stage when impersonated in the Bransby Williams style, with, perhaps, the exception of the notorious Svengali of "Trilby" fame, and Captain Kettle, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's redoubtable hero. The latter, certainly, has individuality enough to make him succeed anywhere; but this is the case with all Dickens's characters: each represents a peculiar moral or immoral quality—such a hypocrisy as we see it represented by Uriah Heap; malignity by Quilp; nobility by Sydney Carton, and so on. There are no complex

Quilp.

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people in Dickens; they are all good or bad, charming or detestable, and intensely so in every case. It stands, therefore, to reason that such characters should find favour with actors such as Mr. Williams — they are simpler to impersonate, simpler to understand. As the accompanying photographic illustrations show, Mr. Williams does not rely on any artificial aids to the impersonation of other people. Face-pads or masks are unnecessary. He entirely relies on the wonderful flexibility of his features to bring about changes of facial expression.

Sydney Carton.

Uriah Heap.

As Montague Tigg, we see the character as he would appear in real life. That devil-may-care, jocular, talkative individual; that man who would take as much out of life as he can squeeze, has stepped out of the book. The spectator finds himself wondering whether this could possibly be the real person from whom Dickens drew his character.

Then, what a widely different impersonation is that of little Nell's grandfather! The loving, patient old man, with the sorrow-stricken, bowed head—what a contrast to the voluble, jaunty Tigg! Mr. Williams is truly an artist, or he could never accomplish such effects. His pathos is capable of bringing many a tear to the eyes of his audience; while the stillness in the theatre during this scene is remarkable. Every ear seems strained to catch the pathetic utterance of the old man. How quaint a character it is!—one of the triumphs of earnest and patient study.

Another widely different impersonation is that of Mr. Williams' Sydney Carton, from "A Tale of Two Cities." A man who would give his life for another is by no means impossible even in our prosaic days, but Dickens has convinced us that Sydney Carton is a grand reality, and such convincing loses not a jot through the impersonator, whose

Little Nell's Grandfather.

Squeers.

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thrilling words and capital acting are joined with a graceful and manly figure. Mr. Williams' reading of the part is original in more ways than one. He is not satisfied with a mere imitation of a prominent actor-manager's conception of Carton. And he somehow seems more like Dickens's hero as the intelligent reader accepts him.

Back again to "The Old Curiosity Shop" to have a few moments with Dr. Quilp. I saw Mr. Williams as he rendered that passage expressing Quilp's hatred of Brass. The terrible face, the cavernous — almost toothless, mouth, the glaring, ghastly eye —here was Quilp indeed to the life. How he gloated over the thought of destroying his foe! What ecstasy in the mere idea of seeing him drowning by degrees! Mr. Williams certainly succeeds in startling his audience by the intensity and power of his impersonation. One reaches almost the shuddering point of unpleasant sensation in witnessing this, one of the most real of Mr. Williams' delineations from Dickens's works.

Bill Sykes.

Then we have another great contrast to the foregoing in the representation of the wormy Uriah Heap. Dickens's description of the 'umble one will be readily remembered. Mr. Williams delineation of the character is clever, but I do not think that he bears out the author so closely as in other parts. His physical development is against him. Uriah could not boast of a well-built frame upon which to hang his peculiarities of humility. Still, everyone who has seen Mr. Williams' performance must admit that he gets as close to the general idea of Uriah's characteristics as it is possible for any impersonator to get who is not built as David Copperfield found the hyprocrite. But the oily humility, submissive smile, and soapy squirm are given with all due regard to the correct picture of Uriah according to Dickens.

Let us now glance at Mr. Micawber—sanguine Micawber. The character is one that appeals to the light comedian. We all know Micawber; his chronic state of impecuniosity enlivened by the ever present hope that something is bound to "turn up." We all like Micawber and his quaint philosophy. It is like meeting an old friend when we see Mr. Williams appear cheerily before us. The smile we saw in our minds when we first made Micawber's acquaintance in "David Copperfield" —there it is. The lively temperament of the hopeful one in his better moments —there we recognise it. The glib tongue, the bald head, the arranged pose —all are there. Mr. Williams has given us Micawber from Copperfield, and we laugh just as when he first came under our notice. We feel the better for his company in ten minutes. And it really takes quite a little time to realise that, after all, we have only seen him impersonated.

Mr. Micawber.

Wackford Squeers was never a nice man to know—even in a novel. A very unpopular person with everybody. But there is a good deal of character in him. Mr. Williams has evidently studied him closely and with good effect. The scowling schoolmaster is quite an amusing fellow when seen from the stalls, and what he says is not unmixed with a grim humour such as Dickens could write so well when he wished. His logic, too, is of that tickling description often

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noticed in Pickwickian novels. Altogether Mr. Williams transforms the brutal dominie into a very interesting, if unpleasant, sort of individual.

An introduction to our old friend, Bill Sikes, whose name will live while burglary remains an interesting science, is a not unimportant event. William is such a peculiar creature! Everybody has taken an interest in William. There is some virtue in being the best of anything, and Sikes is the best ruffian we have ever met in the burglary department of modern novels. Mr. Williams makes an ideal scoundrel. Anyone who has seen him made up as Sikes must admit that if a nervous man met him in some secluded spot about midnight, a considerable amount of discomfort would be experienced by the lonely traveller. Mr. Williams really makes a charming burglar. Look at the photograph, and ask yourself, does it not picture to perfection Bill Sikes out on a very wicked prowl for business? Then his voice! Files and handsaws—a tone guaranteed to give his hearers one cold shiver in every sentence. There are many who consider this impersonation Mr. Williams' best, and I am much disposed to agree. The contrast between this character and that of Sydney Carton is nothing short of wonderful, and stamps the artist who is so successful in both as a versatile genius.

Montague Tigg.

"Oliver Twist" supplies Mr. Williams with much material for his work. Fagin, the Jew, comes next to Bill Sykes. Make-up has to be considerably augmented in this case by long hair and a flowing beard. The result is a typical low-class Jew. Mr. Williams has the correct accent of the Whitechapel Hebrew. This part is the most trying of all those taken from Dickens. The gallows scene and death of Fagin is most graphically rendered, and the acting throughout is thrilling. Mr. Williams assures me that on many nights he feels so exhausted after the awful scene that he has to be helped off the stage. The unearthly shrieks of the miserable wretch Fagin—"Mercy, Mercy!"—will ring in one's ears for hours after hearing them.

Let us next examine the lofty Mr. Pecksniff, whose virtue and uprightness are so touchingly plain to all who have read Dickens. The stiff-necked folk, whose doings are a matter of much grief to the righteous Mr. Pecksniff, meet with some severe rebuking of ultra-Pecksniffian description, and with all the fervour of a good man without a stain on his character.

Scrooge comes next, and is made a striking personality with the aid of the impersonator's mobile features. Scrooge is presented to us in his most unpleasant moment, and the impression created in the minds of the audience is certainly not one of sympathy or love.

In addition to those named, Mr. Williams has impersonated nearly all Dickens's characters. Peggotty, Poor Jo, Sam Weller, Caleb Plummer, and even Mrs. Gamp. He frequently gives five performances nightly in London, and a different set of characters are delineated in each.

His other impersonations are fine, but those from Dickens unique.

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By F. Talbot Townsend.

I.

"Gad, sir, *you're* a fine specimen of the modern Briton, *you* are! A shining light of the Brunton family, I must say! A son to be proud of! God help old England if the honour and glory of her name rests with such as you—a lieutenant of the British army who shows the white feather because his regiment is ordered to the Soudan to thrash a parcel of niggers! Why, when I fought at Inkerman—but there!—it's no use talking; you always were a coward; you always will be a coward; and if you don't die of fright before you ever smell the powder of the dervish guns, it's a dead-sure certainty you—the last of the 'Fighting Bruntons'—will be shot in the back, sir!—shot in the back!" And, with a last thump on the table with his clenched fist (he always thumped the table when his temper got the better of him), Colonel Brunton, V.C., stumped out of the room and banged the door behind him.

And Arnold Brunton, the object of his father's wrath and scorn, sat with bowed head and burning cheeks, for he knew too well that the words of the brave old soldier were true—he *was* a coward, he *must* be, for had it not been dinned into his ears ever since he could remember? When a child he would lay in bed through the terrible darkness of the night, his little head buried beneath the bed-clothes, his heart thumping against his ribs, and the sweat pouring from him at every moan of the wind in the chimney, or rattle of the autumn leaves upon the pane.

At school his weakness had soon become apparent to the sharp wits of his fellows, and, after the lapse of years, he still shuddered at the recollection of the practical schoolboy jokes played upon him for the edification of his thoughtless companions—the white-robed figure silently rising by the side of his little bed in the long dormitory, and the shouts of laughter that mingled with his shriek of terror; the sickening horror when his hand came into contact with the cold wet body of the poor dead kitten pinned inside his jacket sleeve—and all the other pranks played by healthy boys upon a weaker—comedy to them, tragedy to him. "Miss Brunton" they had dubbed him in those bygone days, and "Miss Brunton" he still remained, for even now the sight of blood would turn him sick and faint—he, Lieutenant Brunton, "a soldier of the Queen."

And as he sat, he thought of what might have been. He possessed a talent—nay, a genius—for music, and his violin had been his comfort and solace upon many a dark day, when his sensitive nature had been hurt by a scathing remark or cruel taunt from his choleric warrior father. Not that Colonel Brunton was cruel by nature, for a large heart beat beneath the row of medals on the broad deep chest, but this gentle, peace-loving offspring of his later years—the only hope of the long line of warriors famous since the days of Oudenarde and Malplaquet for their dauntless courage and desperate recklessness—was a puzzle, an enigma, to the fearless, fire-eating old man. What did a son of his want with violins and music books?

"A fiddle!" he would snort. "Call a fiddle an instrument of music! A squealing, sighing box of dyspeptic wails! A thing that you tuck beneath your chin like a youngster's bib, and scratch with a stick! Bah! fancy leading your regiment up the slopes of Alma to the thundering strains of a baby's rattle! No, sir! to a Brunton there is no music but the rattle of the drum, the impatient notes of

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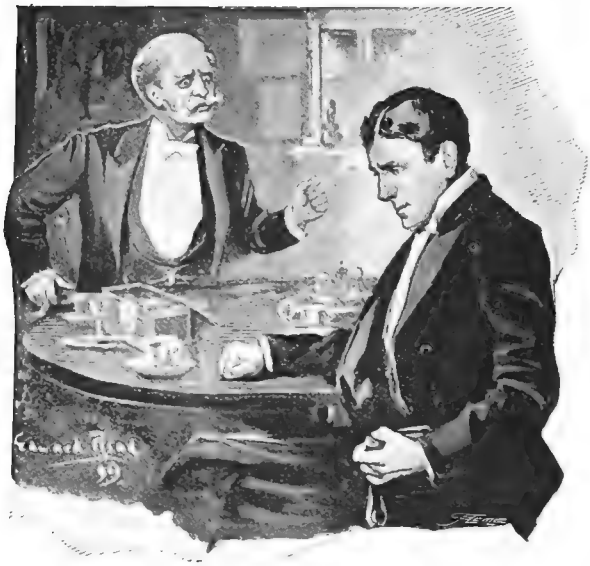

"The last of the 'Fighting Bruntons' will be shot in the back, sir! shot in the back!"

the bugle sounding the 'advance,' the crack of the rifles, the boom of the forty-pounders, and the scream of the shells! Why, when I was in the Crimea—" And the stern face would soften and the keen grey eye would dim, as he forgot his wrath for the time in the memory of some deed of glory or the loss of an old comrade.

But the violin was chopped up, the music books burnt, and a possible Paganini or a Mascagni was lost to the world, and the British army gained "Baby Brunton." That was the name he was known by amongst his fellow officers, for his timid nature would show itself in spite of all his struggles to hide it, and although he was not unpopular with his brothers in arms, there was always a certain half-pitying contempt in their bearing towards one whom they instinctively knew lacked the reckless carelessness of their own coarser natures.

"Poor old dad!" murmured Arnold at last, as he rose from his chair and strolled to the window. "He's quite right, I *am* a coward, and a disgrace to the old family name. Oh, why can't *I* hear music in the rattle of the Maxim and the crack of the Lee-Metford? I am the son of a hero, and a descendant of generations of warriors who knew not the name of fear, and yet my heart fails me at the thought of the coming campaign. I hate myself; I scorn my childish forebodings, and if a dervish bullet does put an end to my useless life, well, so much the better."

He stood gazing moodily out upon the lovely landscape formed by the grounds of the dear old home, so soon to be replaced by the barren sands of the Egyptian desert, and his voice took a firmer ring as his thoughts reverted to another subject.

"At least *she* shall not know I am a coward. I will not speak to her till I come back—if I live through it, and don't die of fright as the poor old pater prophesies, and then, if she is free, perhaps her noble heart and loving sympathy may help me to forget that I'm a coward, and work in me a miracle which ridicule and scorn have failed to do."

II.

Lieutenant Brunton stood at the end of his line of men formed up in battle array on the sandy plain of the Soudan in the heat of the morning, as they waited quietly and firmly for the advance of the dervish horde, showing in a line of restless grey out there in front. Borne on the breeze he could hear the distant roar of their voices, the strange wild cadence of their war-song mingling with the crack and splutter of the preliminary duel which was going on between the skirmishers of both armies, the prelude to the sterner fight that was to follow, in which many a gallant heart would be stilled. Soon homes in far-away Britain would mourn for a dear one killed and buried amongst the Egyptian sandhills.

He looked round upon the men surrounding him. Some were young—very young—and these were fidgetting nervously with their rifles, finding the strain of waiting telling somewhat on their untried nerves, and looking rather pale in the morning light. Others were conversing in low tones, and cracking jokes at each other's expense, and if the humour *was* a little forced, Arnold saw no trace of fear on any in the long lines of faces.

Indeed, some of the older men wore a somewhat contemptuous expression on their bronzed and rugged lineaments, as though it hurt their dignity to have to tramp over miles of sand under a blazing sun to "thrash a parcel of niggers," as old Colonel Brunton called them; and one hardened old sergeant, the terror of his company and a lover of the canteen, was opening wide a thirsty mouth, capacious enough to swallow the whole dervish army, in a prodigious yawn, as

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though the whole proceedings bored him immensely. An hour later he had accounted for a dozen of the dead, and was looking round for more victims, thoroughly enjoying himself.

And as Arnold looked, he saw the faces grow more expectant and more stern; the jokes died away as the lips that uttered them were compressed and set, and all eyes were turned towards the advancing hosts. Ah, yes, the skirmishers were doubling back to the shelter of the lines, and a puff of sand just in front of Arnold told him he would soon be under fire. He gazed at the spot where the bullet had fallen, as if fascinated, and even while he did so, the whistle of another messenger, overhead this time, announced that the grim business of the day was commencing.

All the old, accursed terror surged back on him. How describe it? It was not that he feared death or pain, although, indeed, he had as little affection for these inevitable ills as most men. No, it was rather some mysteriously inherited aversion—inherited from some very distant and obscure ancestor—to all that was violent and cruel, and necessitate complete self-oblivion, dash, pluck, coolness, energy. The imperious instinct of self-preservation possessed him, almost to the complete annihilation of his will. He felt he must turn about, and flee into safety somewhere, somehow. The heat was suffocating, but he shivered with cold, and cold sweat burst in big drops from his forehead; he trembled in every limb, and the whole plain seemed to waver and dance, recede and approach, before his terrified eyes.

With a fierce effort he pulled himself together. His lips were dry and his throat parched. He gave one final glance along his line of men, and as he did so, he saw one of them suddenly drop his rifle, spring into the air, and fall forward on his face, where he lay writhing for a moment, then was still. Hastily Arnold turned his eyes away from the sight, unable to trust himself.

He watched the skirmishers running in, and he saw one of them drop, then stagger to his feet, and drop again. He saw him coolly sit up and face the swiftly advancing enemy, reload his magazine, and calmly commence firing. Gallant fellow! he knew he was doomed, and was evidently determined to sell his life dearly.

And as Arnold Brunton gazed on this act of British courage, fear gave place to indignation that such a man should fall a victim to the spears of the onrushing fanatics, and, forgetful of self, of everything in fact but that solitary figure out there, he started forward, sword in hand, over the zareba, and out into the plain beyond. The bullets pattered round him, knocking up the sand in little cascades, and whistled past his head, but he dashed onwards to the rescue. At last he reached the man, just as he was taking careful aim at the foremost of a crowd of the enemy who had seen his predicament, and were bounding towards him with howls of ferocity.

Dropping on his knees beside him Arnold questioned hurriedly,

"Where are you hit?"

"Hello, lieutenant!" said the man, turning to him with a smile of surprise, "I didn't hear you coming. Otherwise engaged. Awfully obliged, but you can do nothing. Shot through both legs, and can't stand." And he coolly dropped another Arab, firing as surely as if he were at the butts at Bisley.

"Can you get upon my back?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the wounded man, half rising but falling back again with a groan. "No, it's no use. Get back to cover, and—good-bye. Stay, though! Will you deliver these for me if you get back to England?" And plunging his hand into his breast, he drew forth a letter and a photograph. "It's

He saw him reload, and calmly commence firing.

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the girl I'm engaged to," he said with a gulp, referring to the latter, "and——"

But Lieutenant Brunton was gazing at the photograph with a face as white as the envelope he held, for the beautiful face smiling at him from the card was that of the girl he secretly loved—unknown to her, unknown to anyone—the girl who was to help him live down the curse of his life, and she was promised to another.

How extraordinarily perverse are the workings of the human mind! Arnold Brunton, the coward, had just dared what few men in the British ranks would have had the courage to attempt: he had advanced singly in the face of a savage enemy to rescue a wounded comrade. And now at the critical moment that very man, if rescued and brought back in safety to the English lines, would be the means of blighting his life. By all the rules of logic he should have felt the inclination to return alone and leave the other to his fate. Instead of this, the sudden, mysterious, reckless courage that had so far impelled his gallant and impulsive deed was suddenly enhanced by a fierce determination to save the man at all costs. It was not because of his love for the beautiful girl at home that this determination seized him; it was not conceived in a passion of self-sacrifice. At that supreme moment he scarcely realised what he was doing, and what the rescue of his rival meant to him.

Then he staggered forward under his burden to the British lines.

"We got engaged the day before I sailed," explained the other, "but it's not to be. Tell her how I died, won't you?" And he held out his hand to grasp that of Arnold, but it suddenly dropped again, while a spasm of pain swept over the handsome young face.

"Hit again," he murmured. "Through the arm this time. And it's—" But his voice died away, his lips turned white, and he sank back unconscious.

Arnold glanced hurriedly at the advancing dervishes. They were barely three hundred yards away. Then he compared the distance between himself and the zareba. In a moment his resolve was taken. Hastily thrusting the letter and photograph into his pocket, he stooped and picked up the inanimate form in his arms. Fortunately the wounded man was of a slight build, and Brunton was able to hoist him on to his shoulder. Then he staggered forward under his burden towards the British lines. He heard the howls of the disappointed mob behind him, and the bullets began to whistle around him more thickly. But the sound brought no fear to him now. He could at last hear music in the scream of the shrapnel overhead, and somewhere in his blood a strain of the old "Fighting Bruntons" woke up to life, and when a bullet knocked his *topee* over his eyes, he laughed as he jerked it back.

But it was slow progress, and the effort was telling on him. His breath began to come in big, sobbing gasps, the plain undulated uncertainly before his eyes, and the man he was trying to save for the girl both of them loved grew heavier at each step.

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At last he was but forty yards from the zareba—twenty—ten—and with one last effort, he reached it and tottered forward towards the willing hands outstretched to meet him, then, as the cheers of his men rang in his ears, he threw up his arms and fell dead—shot through the back!

III.

In a little rose-bowered cottage in Devonshire there sits upon a couch a handsome young soldier. One leg is in splints and his right arm is in a sling, while the other hand, brown and sinewy, holds in a loving clasp the soft white fingers of a pretty English girl. They are both looking at a photograph of the girl herself, a photograph that has a curious dark stain upon it, with a bullet hole through one corner.

They are both looking at a photograph with a bullet hole through one corner.

And as they gaze, silently and with tear-dimmed eyes, there enters a grim, white-haired old warrior, bowed and broken, but with an air of conscious pride on his battle-worn face, as he feebly thumps the table, and exclaims in a voice that is but a quavering parody of that which used to thunder out orders in the Crimea.

"Yes, he was my son, sir—my only son; the last of the 'Fighting Bruntons,' and he died as a Brunton should! He was a brave lad, sir, a brave lad! and it's a glorious thing under certain circumstances, to be shot in the back, sir! shot in the back!"

WHAT JIMMIE WANTS TO KNOW.

I.

Jimmie wants to know
Why the moon don't fall:
Why some folks are short and fat and others thin and tall;
And—where all the bounce has gone from his india-rubber ball;

II.

Jimmie wants to know
What is two times twice;
Why some things are nasty and other things are nice;
And—why do we eat sheep and pigs, instead of rats and mice;

III.

Jimmy wants to know
If a cow can lay an egg;
If you don't think Rover is a clever dog to beg;
And—if you ever saw a spider with a wooden leg;

IV.

Jimmy wants to know
(And my brain is reeling)
Why *he* can't walk upside down, like flies upon the ceiling;
And isn't "growing-up" a dreadful funny sort of feeling;

V.

Jimmie wants to know—
Flesh and blood can't keep
Jimmie from propounding problems, wild and wide and deep;
And I've heard he still keeps putting posers in his sleep.

A. L. Harris.

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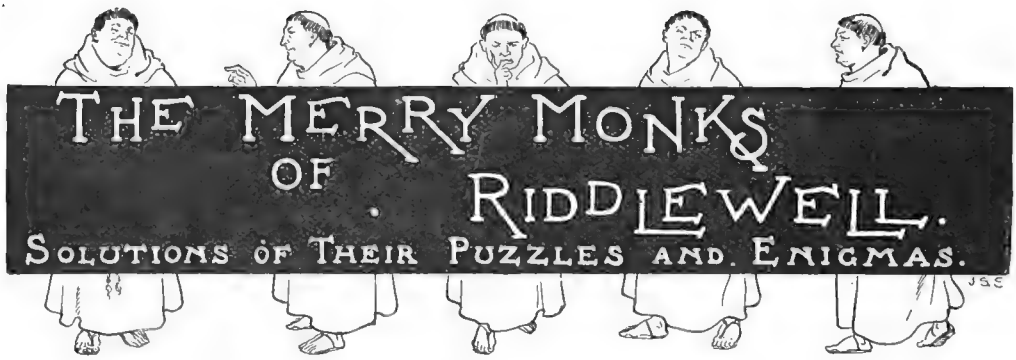


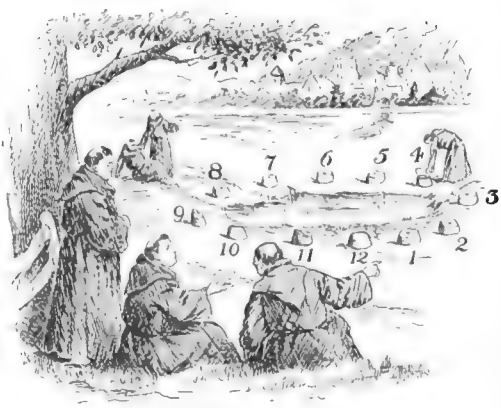
By Henry E. Dudeney.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FISHPOND.

Number the fish baskets in the illustration from 1 to 12 in the direction that Brother Jonathan is seen to be going. Take the fish from No. 1 and place it in basket No. 4, take from 10 to 2, from 8 to 12, from 5 to 9, from 3 to 6, from basket 7 to basket 11, and then complete the revolution to basket No. 1. The trick has then been performed in as few as four revolutions.

THE RIDDLE OF THE PILGRIMS.

If it were not for the Abbot's conditions that the number of guests in any room may not exceed three and that every room must be occupied, it would have been possible to accommodate either 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39 or 42 pilgrims. But to accommodate 24 pilgrims, so that there shall be twice as many sleeping on the upper floor as on the lower floor, and eleven persons on each side of the building, it will be found necessary to leave some of the rooms empty. If, on the other hand, we try to put up 33, 36, 39 or 42 pilgrims we shall find that, in every case, we are obliged to place more than three persons in some of the rooms. Thus we know that the number of pilgrims originally announced (whom, it will be remembered, it was possible to accommodate under the conditions of the Abbot) must have been 27, and that, since three more than this number were actually provided with beds, the total number of pilgrims was thirty. The accompanying diagram shows how they might be arranged, and if in each instance we regard the upper floor as placed above the lower one, it will be seen that there are eleven persons on each side of the building and twice as many above as below.



The Riddle of the Fishpond.

THE RIDDLE OF THE TILED HEARTH.

The correct answer is shown in the illustration. No tile is in line (either horizontally, vertically, or diagonally) with another tile of the same design, and only three plain tiles are used. If, after placing the four lions you fall into the error of placing four other tiles of another pattern, instead of only three, you will be left with four places that must be occupied by plain tiles. The secret consists in placing four of one kind and only three of each of the others.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SACK WINE.

The question was—Did Brother Benjamin take more wine from the bottle than water from the jug? Or did he take more water from the jug than wine from the bottle? He did neither. The same quantity of wine was transferred from the bottle as water was taken from the jug. Let us assume that the glass would hold a quarter of a pint. There was a pint of wine in the bottle and a pint of water in the jug. After the first manipulation the bottle contains three-quarters

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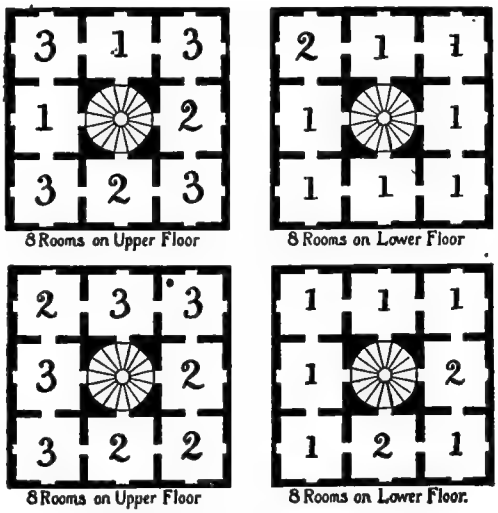
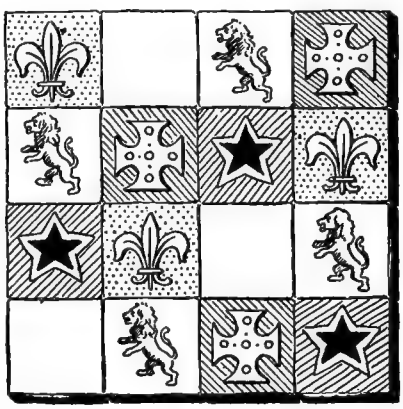
of a pint of wine, and the jug one pint of water mixed with a quarter of a pint of wine. Now, the second transaction consists in taking away a fifth of the contents of the jug, that is one-fifth of a pint of water mixed with one-fifth of a quarter of a pint of wine. We thus leave behind in the jug four-fifths of a quarter of a pint of wine, that is one-fifth of a pint, while we transfer from the jug to the bottle an equal quantity (one-fifth of a pint) of water.



The Riddle of the Pilgrims.

THE RIDDLE OF THE CELLARER.

There were 100 pints of wine in the cask, and on thirty occasions John the Cellarer had stolen a pint and replaced it with a pint of water.



The Tiled Hearth.

After the first theft the wine left in the cask would be 99 pints; after the second theft the wine in the cask would be $\frac{9801}{100}$ pints (the square of 99 divided by 100); after the third theft there would remain $\frac{970299}{10000}$ (the cube of 99 divided by the square of 100); after the fourth theft there would remain the fourth power of 99 divided by the cube of 100; and after the thirtieth theft, there would remain in the cask the thirtieth power of 99 divided by the twenty-ninth power of 100. This by the ordinary method of calculation, gives us a number composed of 59 figures to be divided by a number composed of 58 figures! But by the use of logarithms it may be quickly ascertained that the required quantity is very nearly $73\frac{97}{100}$ pints of wine left in the cask. Consequently the cellarer stole 26·03 pints. The monks doubtless omitted the answer for the reason that they had no tables of logarithms, and did not care to face the task of making that long and tedious calculation in order to get the quantity "to a nicety," as the wily cellarer had stipulated.

THE RIDDLE OF THE CRUSADERS.

The correct answer is that there would have been 60,176 Crusaders, who could form themselves into a square 776 by 776, and after the stranger joined their ranks, they could form 113 squares of 5,329 men—that is, 73 by 73.

THE RIDDLE OF ST. EDMONDSBURY.

The reader is aware that there are prime numbers and composite whole numbers. The former cannot be divided by any number, except 1, and leave no remainder,

The Frog's Ring.

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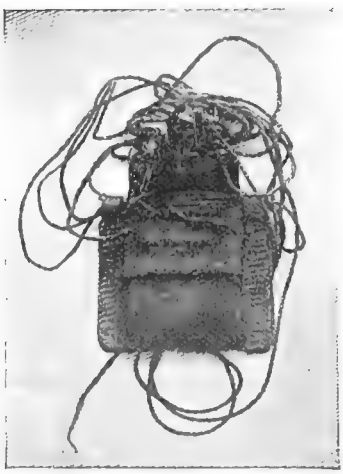
while the latter are composed of factors, and therefore can be so divided. The number of divisors depends obviously on the number of factors. Now, the number of mice, 999,919, cannot be a prime number, because, if it were, the only possible answers would be those excluded by Father Peter—1 cat killed 999,919 mice, or 999,919 cats each killed 1 mouse; and, if the riddle is to have only one answer, the number must be composed of only two factors. What are those factors? They are 991 and 1,009, both of which are primes. But we are told that each cat killed more mice than there were cats; consequently, the solution cannot be that 1,009 cats each killed 991 mice. The correct answer is then clearly that 991 cats each killed 1,009 mice. Multiply one number by the other, and the product will be found to be 999,919 mice.

THE RIDDLE OF THE FROGS' RING.

The fewest possible moves in which this puzzle can be solved is 118. I will give the complete solution. The black figures on white discs move in the direction of the hands of a clock, and the white figures on black disc the opposite way. The following are the numbers in the order in which they move. Whether you have to make a simple move, or a leaping move will be clear from the position, as you never can have an alternative. The moves enclosed in brackets are to be played five times over: 6, 7, 8, 6, 5, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1), 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 12, (7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12), 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 1, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 12, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 8, 9, 10, 11, 4, 3, 2, 10, 11, 2. We thus have made 118 moves within the conditions, the black frogs have changed places with the white ones, and 1 and 12 are side by side in the positions stipulated.

A WAR CHARM.

This curious talisman was found wound about the neck of a dead dervish on one of the great battlefields in the Soudan. It was supposed to render him invulnerable, poor wretch! but English bullets and English swords seem to have a supreme contempt for talismans. The reason for the dogged faith they still inspire is, doubtless, that they render a man at least fearless and self-confident.



The Case.

I remember hearing a friend describe an incident in connection with a talisman. It was at a tiger hunt in Burmah. The cordon of hunters had hemmed in the great cat, and now she crouched at bay with no possible retreat. Suddenly a native, breaking through the cordon, went slowly, and in a peculiar dancing gait, up to the louring brute. When about a foot away he began slowly to retreat, facing the tiger and waving his arms. The tiger merely glared at him, and he arrived in safety outside the cordon. That man was the owner of a charm—a consecrated tiger's hair!

The Parchment.

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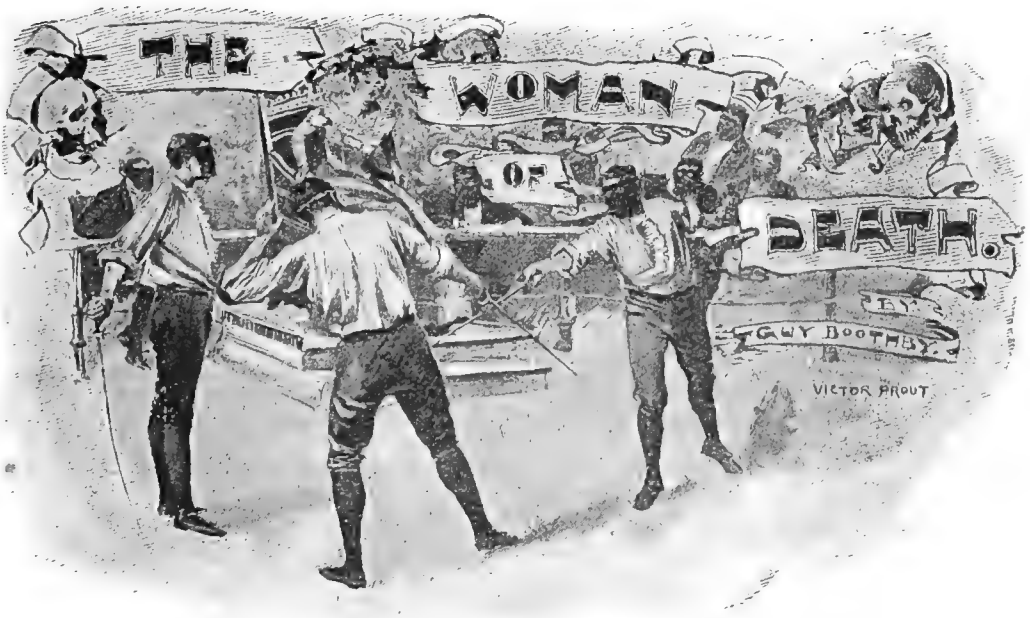

INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough is struck at Monte Carlo by the face of a strange lady. Afterwards another lady is introduced to him, Madame D'Espère, who, on his complaining of boredom, promises to find him excitement. The next day he receives an anonymous letter inviting him to join a mysterious club, and, having been driven to the club in question, the members of which are all closely masked, witnesses a duel to the death between two of their number, the affair being presided over by a masked lady. Next day Middlesborough hears that his friend, the Duke de Rheims, has been found killed outside Paris, and suspects him to have been one of the duellers and Madame D'Espère the woman who presided at the duel.

CHAPTER IV.

That evening Middlesborough was in one of his restless moods. Nothing seemed to please him. He hungered for excitement of any kind that would relieve his overstrung nerves. De Rheims' death had distressed him more than he cared to admit. Partly out of respect for his friend, and partly because he did not feel in the humour for the society of his fellow-men, he dined at home and alone. Finding, however, that his own society reduced him to a level of even greater despondency, he went out afterwards to a Club, an establishment in the neighbourhood of the Avenue de l'Opera, noted both for its exclusiveness and its high play. For the first hour that he wooed the fickle goddess he won repeatedly. Then his luck changed, and eventually he rose from the table some fifty thousand francs poorer than when he had sat down.

"If you will excuse me," he said, as he pushed his chair back, "I think I will leave off now. Cards bore me to death. I owe you thirty thousand francs, de Gonville, and you eighteen, de Chamberêt. You must give me my revenge some other time. Now I'll be off to bed, Good night!"

His friends bade him good night, and he strolled into the adjoining room in search of refreshment. Only little Jimmy Foote, who had been watching the game, followed him.

"Have a brandy and soda, Jimmy?" Middlesborough enquired, as he dropped into an easy chair, and lit a cigarette.

Jimmy, who was good nature itself, accepted his invitation, and, when the servant had left them, turned to his friend. Unlike the remainder of his family he was gifted with a fair share of worldly wisdom, and he saw, on this occasion, that Middlesborough was not quite himself.

"I say, old man," he blurted out, "I hope you won't think I'm meddling in what does not concern me, but—but—well, the fact of the matter is, we were at Eton together, weren't we? and that gives a man a sort of right to say things he wouldn't have uttered otherwise, I've been watching you to-night and I've noticed that——"

Middlesborough interrupted him.

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"You've noticed that I have an ink spot on my left cuff," he said abruptly. "I saw it myself, when I was dealing the first round. Dangerous thing, ink, makes mischief in all directions. Avoid it, Jimmy! Ah, here are the drinks. Well, good luck to you!"

"And better luck to you," said Jimmy, who was shrewd enough to see that in Middlesborough's present humour it would be useless for him to say more.

Five minutes later, the latter was in his cab on the way home. His mind was made up.

"I'll try it," he said to himself. "I'll send an advertisement to the *Figaro* to-morrow. To say the very least, it will be a vast improvement to this miserable humdrum existence."

Two days later an advertisement consisting of the one Greek word engraved upon the disc, appeared in the paper mentioned.

He had not to wait very long for a reply, for that evening, when he returned from his drive to dress for dinner, he found a letter awaiting him, in which he was instructed to be at the rendezvous in the Place de la Concorde at the same time on the following Friday.

As on the previous occasion, the clocks of Paris were striking ten when he reached the appointed spot, and set himself to wait for the man to put in an appearance. Again, the carriage crossed the square, and pulled up before the railings of the obelisk. The window was let down, and the same curious voice that he remembered so well, invited him to enter. He did so, and the carriage immediately proceeded on its way.

"Permit me to congratulate you upon the decision you have arrived at," said the man beside him, as they started. "If you desire excitement, such as you can obtain nowhere else, I venture to think you will discover it where you are now seeking it."

"As the Duc de Rheims found it, I have no doubt," answered Middlesborough quietly.

"Everyone is conversant with the Duke's lamentable accident," the other replied gravely. "But I know as little as you do of the cause that occasioned it. As I think, I informed you before, we have no identities. The Duke may have been a member or he may not. Each of our members is known only by a number; you will figure upon the list as number 384. Such is the rule, and we adhere to it religiously."

Once more they crossed the Seine, and once more, after a considerable interval, they reached the gates leading into the long avenue which approached the house. The carriage drew up before the steps, whereupon Middlesborough's companion alighted and invited him to follow his example. As on the occasion of his last visit, the building was in total darkness. His conductor handed him his mask, after which he unlocked the front-door and they entered the vestibule, through which they passed into the hall beyond. A servant relieved Middlesborough of his hat and cloak, and when this had been done, he followed his guide upstairs and through the curtains into the apartment which formed the ante-chamber of the Hall of Combat. To-night, however, there was a slight change in the order of procedure. Instead of proceeding direct to the room, he was conducted to a small dressing-closet in which a suit of clothes of the same description as those worn by the members was duly laid out for him. They fitted him exactly.

It was while he was making the necessary change in his toilet that his companion explained to him the ceremonial of initiation that was about to take place. When he was ready, Middlesborough entered the adjoining room to find it even more crowded than before. Every member was in his place, and even the Woman of Death herself was seated upon her throne. The gaze of the assembly was fixed upon himself. In accordance with the instructions he had received, he passed boldly down the gangway between the chairs and approached the throne upon which the Woman was seated. At the same moment a servant presented her with a silver bowl into which she dipped her hand. When she withdrew it, it contained a small disc upon which was a number. Placing it upon another salver, the servant made his way to the seat indicated, the occupant of which immediately rose and passed into the arena. It had fallen to his lot to test the capabilities of the candidate for election. Buttoned foils were produced, and all that remained was for the woman to give the signal for the combat to commence. Fortunately for Middlesborough he was an expert fencer. His father had been one of the best swordsmen of his day, and it had been one of his peculiarities that he had considered a knowledge of fencing as necessary to a gentleman's education as dancing and an aquaintance with the Latin and Greek classics.

As soon as the Woman gave the signal, they engaged. His adversary was of his own size and build, but from the moment

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their foils crossed, Middlesborough could see, that, while the other was no mean exponent of the science, he was no match for himself. At first they fenced without either obtaining an advantage, but after a couple of dozen passes had been exchanged, Middlesborough scored point after point in rapid succession. Then the Woman lifted her hand and the combat ceased. A moment later the man, who had conducted him to the house, approached and addressed the audience.

"Messieurs," he said, "I have the honour to introduce to you a candidate for admission to your ranks. You have seen his skill. It is my duty, therefore, to ask whether you deem him worthy of such privileges as you can confer? Monsieur fully appreciates the honour you do him, and has promised absolute obedience to the rules you have laid down. On his behalf I await your answer."

When he had finished speaking, the members, without exception, held up their hands in token of approval. Whereupon the man turned to Middlesborough again, and bowing low, said:

"Monsieur, it affords me pleasure to be the means of informing you that you are duly elected a member of this Club."

Having made this announcement, he led him to the steps of the throne, where the Woman extended her hand to him, and he knelt and kissed it. As he did so, he noticed that it was as cold as ice, and that it trembled violently. When he had paid his homage he was conducted to a seat, and then the business of the evening commenced. As on the previous occasion, the seconds entered the room and selected the swords with which the combat was to be decided. This having been done, the opponents made their appearance and gravely saluted each other. Then the swords clashed and the duel commenced.

On this occasion the fight was longer and certainly of a more desperate description than that of the previous week. Twice the swords broke, and twice new ones were furnished by the ever watchful seconds. The men were fighting for their lives and knew that the least mistake would be fatal. The excitement was overwhelming. Every eye was centred upon the glittering blades, and every movement was watched with breathless interest. On the second occasion that they paused to rest, Middlesborough noticed that the man nearest him, staggered, and, for a moment, appeared as if he were about to fall. He recovered himself, however, and, after a brief interval, the signal was given for the

"Messieurs, I have the honour to introduce to you a candidate for admission to your ranks."

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combat to recommence. The men stood up and faced each other. This time they fought with greater caution. Neither could afford to throw away a chance. The end, however, was nearer than they supposed. Suddenly after a brilliant rally, the man furthest from Middlesborough lunged, the other parried as quick as lightning, and, in his turn, thrust. His sword passed through the former's guard, and, almost before anyone was aware of it, had pierced his adversary's chest. With a little cry, the latter measured his length upon the ground. The prolonged sigh that escaped the audience shewed how great the tension had been. At a signal the attendants entered the arena and removed the dying man, while, as before, the victor was led by his second to the Woman, whose hand he kissed. The business of the evening was then at an end.

During his drive back to Paris Middlesborough was furnished with the address of the Club House, and he was also informed where he could find the secretary in the event of his desiring to communicate with him.

"Enquire for Monsieur Chartes at the little chemist's shop on the right hand side of the Rue Thebes," said the man beside him—"I am always to be heard of there."

* * * * *

When Middlesborough in these later days considers the life he led for the ensuing two months, he is filled with a great wonderment. The fascination of the new amusement had taken such a hold upon him, that he never by any chance missed being in his place for a single evening. One by one the men around him were summoned to the arena, but so far the choice had never fallen upon himself. It was gambling carried to its extreme limits, and the excitement that prevailed until the numbers were known was, perhaps, the most intoxicating part of the whole affair.

Then, one morning, an urgent message reached him from his lawyers, calling him to England. He detested business of every description, but this summons was so imperative that it was not to be denied. Before starting he called at Madame d'Espère's house to bid her farewell. In the weeks that had elapsed since de Rheim's death, he had been a constant visitor there. Its owner exercised an influence over him that he found it difficult to account for. She was quite unlike any person he had ever met before, and each time he saw her he seemed less capable than ever of understanding her. Her moods were as variable as the wind: one day she would be sympathetic, anxious to please and to amuse; the next wrapped in a mantle of impenetrable gloom. When he was admitted to her presence on this occasion, Middlesborough found her in her studio, putting the finishing touches to a bust she had been making of himself. She was in a charming humour, and received him with a graciousness that would have been highly dangerous to a more susceptible man.

"Must you really go to England?" she asked, when he had acquainted her with the reason of his visit.

"I fear so," he answered sorrowfully. "My lawyers say they must see me at once, so I suppose there is nothing for it but to go. Why cannot they let me alone? I am quite happy enough as I am. Shall I find you here when I return, in a fortnight or so?"

"I do not know," she replied dubiously. "I may be here, in Rome, in Constantinople, or in Bagdad. One never knows what may happen in a fortnight. It is an eternity."

Had he watched her he would have seen that her mood had changed, and that there were danger signals in her eyes. She drew a little closer to him.

"How nice it must be to be able to declare that you are happy enough," she said, as if she were resuming an interrupted conversation. "I suppose you are. You have everything you want: wealth, friends, beautiful houses—all that the world can give in fact. But are you sure that there is nothing else left?"

Middlesborough saw the look in her eyes. He had recognised for some little time past that her treatment of himself differed somewhat from that accorded to other men, but he had never seen her show it so pointedly before.

"I do not know that there is anything else," he answered, with an attempt at gaiety; "Unless it is to be allowed to go my own way undisturbed."

The colour had entirely left her face, and her breathing was quicker than it had been. Middlesborough rose from his chair; but she was too quick for him.

"Forgive me," she said, impetuously holding out her hands to him. "I must speak to you while I have the opportunity. Do you remember what I told you on the night of our first meeting? Did I not tell you then that I possessed the fatal gift of being able to see further into the future than other people? Will you believe me when I say that your fate and mine are involved in

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this sudden call to London? It is the cross current, and for me it is the beginning of the end. At Monte Carlo I told you that in meeting you I had advanced another step towards my destiny. The controlling influence which has brought me so far upon my way, tells me now that another stage has been reached. Must you really go? Can you not stay in Paris, and so save me from my fate?"

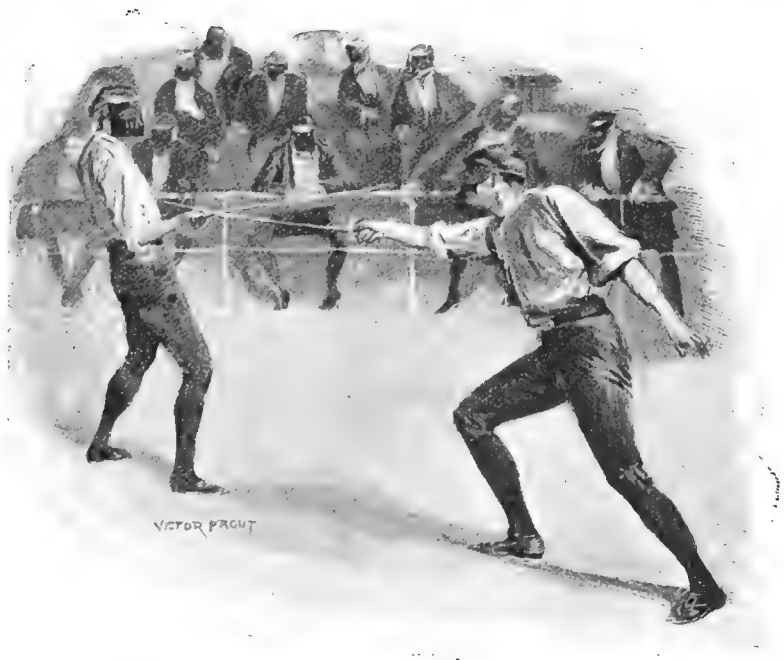
Never had she looked more beautiful than at that moment. There was an indescribable something about her then that he had never seen before. He was about to speak, but she stopped him abruptly.

"No! no!" she cried, as if she were forcing herself to utter the words. "Forget that I spoke. Why should I ask such a thing of you—you, who want nothing save to be undisturbed? It is too late now. What must be must. It is my Kismet, and who shall change it? Go! Leave me! I—I wish you a pleasant journey. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," he said, almost mechanically, for he had not yet recovered from the surprise her strange behaviour had caused him. "May I let you know when I return?"

"You need not do so," she answered. "I shall know it as soon as you arrive. Come and see me then, that is, if it is not too late."

He bowed and left the room without another word. As the door closed behind him he paused irresolutely. He had an uneasy feeling that he had not been sympathetic—in fact, that he had been almost rude. Should he go back and express his regret, and try to understand and be of some assistance to her in her distress? It was with this intention that he pushed the door open, but what he saw there, when he stood inside, induced him suddenly to change his mind. Madame d'Espère was lying upon the couch at the further end of the room, her face buried in a cushion, sobbing convulsively. To have approached her in this state would only have made matters worse. He, accordingly, closed the door as softly as he had opened it, and a few seconds later left the house. That night he slept in London.



The men were fighting for their lives, and knew that the least mistake would be fatal.

CHAPTER V.

It was the height of the season when he reached London, and at the Duchess of Laverstock's beautiful house in Eaton Square, perhaps the most fashionable ball of the season was in progress. Though, as had been the case with so many other amusements,

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Madame D'Espère was lying upon the couch, sobbing convulsively.

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he had long since ceased to find any pleasure in dancing, Middlesborough felt compelled to put in an appearance. The Duke and he were neighbours in two counties, and only that morning the affable old peer had encountered him at his club, and had insisted upon his accepting their hospitality that evening.

"The fault I have to find with you, my dear Middlesborough," he had said, "is that you spend so much of your time out of England. Now, that should not be. You have your duty to yourself and to your country to consider. If you will take an old fogey's advice you will marry some nice girl and settle down. Your estates are going to rack and ruin, they tell me, for want of a master's controlling hand."

"Very probably," Middlesborough replied; "the pity of it is, however, that I detest the majority of my properties almost as much as I dislike the trouble of looking after them. Besides there is another way of looking at it. Providence, realising the necessity, has furnished us with servants. Should we then take the work out of their hands? As for the girl I am to marry, well, to tell you the truth, I have not so far made her acquaintance. You have no daughters, my dear Duke?"

"It is plain that you've picked up the contemptible habit of paying compliments from our neighbours across the Channel," the other answered. "However, I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver by promising that, if you don't come to us to-night, our ball will not be complete. Who knows but that you may meet there the person of whom we have been speaking?"

"I fear not," said Middlesborough, shaking his head.

Faithful to his promise the latter made his appearance at Eaton Square that evening, and was most graciously received by his hostess; he danced once with Royalty, and sat out another with the recognised beauty of the season. Having done this he felt that he had done his duty, and began to wish himself out of it. When therefore he encountered young Mandever, who proposed that they should go along together to Middlesborough's rooms for a smoke and a chat, he had no objection to raise to the proposal. They accordingly slipped quietly away together, descended into the street, and hailed a hansom.

Mandever and Middlesborough had been at Eton together, and had always been friends. The former had tried the Army in a crack cavalry regiment, but had resigned his commission, for the reason, he was wont to say, that his uncle, who was Prime Minister at the time, had declined to enter upon a European war in order to afford his nephew a distraction. Since then he had been engaged in dissipating a splendid fortune at the rate of thirty thousand a year—in which endeavour, it might be added, he was, for the first time in his life, achieving a very considerable amount of success.

"What is the use of half-doing it?" he would say, when his relatives upbraided him, almost tearfully, for his extravagance, "the sooner the coin is gone, the sooner these old women will give up pestering me. From what I can see of it, a fellow is a marrying man so long as his money lasts; when it's gone he might as well be in Timbuctoo."

Then the wiseacres would shake their heads, as wiseacres do, and prophecy unutterable troubles.

Middlesborough's residence was situated in a quiet thoroughfare leading out of St. James' Street. It had been one of his fancies, when he left Oxford, to purchase this old house, and he had expended a small fortune upon it in order to make it one of the most artistic abodes in all London. It was small, but from cellar to garret it was perfection itself. Every room was a gem, but a gem in a different setting. Middlesborough had discovered an architect and a decorator of genius; he had given them an idea of what he wanted, and *carte blanche* to carry it out. The result turned his friends green with envy. As Lady Ullswater said, "it has only one drawback, and that is that its owner does not occupy it often enough."

"It is not the house that I object to," said Middlesborough in explanation of his singular conduct, "but London itself. When I am here I am Lord Middlesborough. On the Veldt, or in the Rockies, I am plain Mr. Brown, or Mr. Thompson, or whatever else you please. If I were Mr. Thompson in London, without this house and my rent roll, I should be left alone; on the Veldt and in the Rockies I am somebody, for the reason that I am a fair shot and don't grumble too much when there is a deficiency in the commissariat."

To him this seemed a conclusive argument. What he hungered for, and what he had never yet been able to do, save in a few isolated instances, was to win regard for himself, as a man, alone. His nurses had flattered and indulged him, for the reason that he was the future Lord Middlesborough, heir to enormous wealth and great estates; the tutor who had prepared him for Eton had

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done most of his work himself, and was lenient in matters scholastic, for the reason that he held it in continual remembrance that his pupil would some day be a power in the land, with benefices to bestow upon the worthy. Even the old vicar of the village in which he was born, and whom, at one time, he had looked upon as the most godly of men, had boxed a ploughboy's ears for daring to assert that, after all, the young lordling was only flesh and blood like himself. Gifted with a shrewdness beyond his years, the lad had the wit to see through all this, and had come gradually to derive therefrom his ideas of mankind in general.

During their drive from Laverstock House, Mandever had regaled him with a *réchauffé* of the most interesting scandals that had monopolised the attention of Society since they had last met. Middlesborough allowed it to be supposed that he was interested; as a matter of fact, he was thinking of something entirely different. He was wishing himself back in Paris. When the cab stopped and they alighted, he let himself and his friend in with his own latch-key, and proceeded to the study. His well-trained servant, to whom half-past two in the morning was in many respects the equivalent of mid-day, brought cigars and brandy-and-sodas, and suggested supper, which both declined.

"Now, old man," said Mandever, when his cigar was once fairly under way, "I want to have a serious talk with you. What do you propose doing this autumn? It has struck me that it would be by no means a bad idea if you and I were to share a moor. We could get Carthwaite's place if we were quick about it, and we could put in a fairly good time there for six weeks or so. I am rather keen on the notion myself."

"I'm afraid, as far as I'm concerned, it's out of the question," said Middlesborough. "My time is fully taken up until the end of the year. Then I'm half-thinking of going to South America. They tell me there is likely to be trouble in one of the Southern States, and shooting men is, to my thinking, far more interesting than slaughtering unoffending grouse."

"To say nothing of running the risk of being shot yourself," Mandever replied. "In that case, if you want a companion, I'm on. It's just the sort of chance I've been looking for for years. Say the word, and we will go out together."

"Oh, you mustn't count upon me," Middlesborough replied. "I've decided nothing definite as yet. You know how my notions change. I may be off to central Siberia in a week's time."

"You are just like Billy Bellew," continued Mandever. "I met Billy at a club one night. 'Holloa, Jim, my boy,' says he, 'You're just the very man I've been looking for. What do you say to three months among the big game in Bechuanaland? I'm starting by the next boat.' 'Just the sort of thing I've been looking for, old

"I may be off to Central Siberia in a week's time," said Middlesborough.

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boy,' I said. 'I'll book my berth to-morrow morning, first thing.' We sat down there and then and made out a list of the tackle we should have to take with us. By Jove! I was so excited over the notion that I couldn't sleep that night. First thing after breakfast next morning I wired down to the country for my guns, looked in on old Scroggins and told him to rush me up an outfit, issued invitations for a farewell luncheon at the club, said good-bye to half a dozen people, and refused an invitation to one of the jolliest houses I've ever stayed at. After that I went on to the Shikarri for luncheon. There I found Billy warming himself before the smoking-room fire. 'Morning, Billy,' I said, 'there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I've been gathering my things together this morning. Bought a ripping elephant gun, and no end of other contraptions. By the way, while we're on the subject, which of us is in charge of the commissariat?' I couldn't help thinking that Billy looked a bit foolish. 'I'm afraid there's been a mistake, old chappie,' he said. 'Since I saw you yesterday, I've discovered that I shan't be able to go to Bechuanaland after all. The fact of the matter is, my offer was only conditional upon another thing not happening. I went to Lady Kilbraddon's hop last night, and—well, to make a long story short, I shan't be able to go with you, because, you see, *I'm going to be married in six week's time.* Won't you wish me luck?' You should have heard the way I talked to him. I called him every name I could lay my tongue to, but a lot he seemed to care. He could only think of Ermentrude Vansittart. Asked me in sober earnest whether I'd be his best man! That was how I was done out of my big game shooting in Bechuanaland. Mark my words, if you're not very careful, all your talk of going to South America will end in a similar fashion. Ever since I've known you, you've never been of the same mind for two days together."

"That's better than having no mind at all," retorted Middlesborough, pointedly. "I always thought Billy Bellew was a weak-minded ass. Your story proves it conclusively. However, he's a married ass now, and his punishment is upon his own head, so let him rest."

"There are a good many asses of that description knocking about, old man," said Mandever, shaking his head sagaciously. "Be careful you don't degenerate into one. In any case, remember if you *do* go to South America, I'm going with you—that's settled, isn't it? Ever since that old idiot of an uncle of mine muddled up things with the French in the way he did, I haven't had a chance of seeing any fighting. Revolutions in South America are ripping fun they tell me. Plenty of hand to hand scuffling, with the Southern Cross blazing overhead, palm trees rustling, and bright-eyed señoritas playing guitars, and glancing at you through green shutters. By Jove! it all reminds one of Lever's novels."

"With the mosquitoes left out," said Middlesborough. "I'm afraid, old chap, your notions of South America are a trifle hazy. The truth is not so alluring. It sometimes happens that you're all alive and kicking at mid-day and dead by sundown. There is such a thing as yellow fever, you know!"

Mandever's face lengthened somewhat. "By Jove, you're a cheerful sort of a fellow!" he answered at last. "If a man were to listen to you he'd shut himself up in his house, and never go out for fear of catching cold in his head. In any case, I'm willing to risk it. In the meantime I'm going home to bed. I've got to go down to Newmarket at eleven. You wouldn't care about it, I suppose? I've some nice people going, and if you like a bit of good racing, I fancy I can shew you some."

"I'm afraid not, old man," Middlesborough replied. "I'm supposed to be in town on business, and as soon as that's finished, I shall return to Paris. Must you go? Well then, good-night."

He accompanied his guest to the front door and shook hands with him there. The hansom that had brought them from the Duke of Laverstock's house was still waiting beside the pavement.

"Don't forget about South America," Mandever cried, as he sprang into it "Cork Street, cabby, and look sharp, Night, night, Middlesborough! Remember Billy Bellew!"

A moment later the hansom was round the corner and out of sight.

While he had been bidding his friend good-bye, Middlesborough had noticed a man standing on the other side of the street. He was about to retire into the house, when he saw that the individual in question was making a move in his direction.

As he approached, he bowed and said in French:

"I believe I have the honour of addressing Lord Middlesborough?"

"That is my name," the other replied,

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perhaps a little stiffly. "What can I do for you?"

"If you would bear with me for a few moments I would ask the honour of an interview," said the other. "I have a communication to make to you of considerable importance."

Middlesborough looked at his watch. It was close upon three o'clock.

"Perhaps you are not aware of the time?" he said, with a touch of irony. In England three o'clock in the morning is scarcely looked upon as a calling hour, except by firemen and policemen, who have earned the right to be excused. Would it not be better for you to go home and sleep? Then, if you are still of the same mind, you could come and see me after breakfast? I shall be at home until midday."

The other shook his head. It was plain that he was a man who was not to be easily put off.

"I have a train to catch at five o'clock," he answered. "That being so I have no option but to throw myself upon your generosity. Think what you will of my importunity, but permit me to speak to you in private for ten minutes.

"In England," observed Middlesborough, "three o'clock in the morning is scarcely looked upon as a calling hour, except by firemen and policemen."

Middlesborough did not know what to say. At first he had been of opinion that the stranger had been dining, and that he had no real errand with himself. He was, however, by this time, quite disabused of that idea. The man was as rational and sober a being as could be found anywhere. What the business might be that was of sufficient importance to keep a man hanging about until such an hour on the chance of seeing him, Middlesborough could not imagine.

"Well, since you insist, I suppose I *must*

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see you," Middlesborough replied, but none too graciously. "Perhaps you will come in?"

"I thank you," said the other, and immediately followed him into the hall.

It was only when the stranger had removed his hat and cloak, and was standing before him, clad in immaculate evening dress, that Middlesborough saw the sort of man he had to deal with. He was tall, graceful, and, at first glance, between fifty and fifty-five years of age. Of his nationality there could be no sort of doubt. He was French to his finger-tips. Middlesborough led him to his study, and when there invited him to take a seat, at the same time handing him a box of cigars. The other selected one, and having done so, looked round the room with calm, critical eyes. As his host was destined to discover later, he was a man who drew his inferences from surrounding objects, quickly and unerringly.

"Now perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me what I can do for you," Middlesborough enquired. "I shall be obliged if you will put your request in as few words as possible for I have had a hard day, and am anxious to get to bed."

"I apologise for keeping you up, and will detain you no longer than is necessary," said the other. Permit me to preface my business by declaring that I am well acquainted with your family history, your title, your wealth, and your career. We have many friends in common, whose names it is unnecessary I should bring into the discussion at this stage, but who, I have no doubt, will be glad to guarantee my authenticity when the time arrives."

"No doubt this is all very interesting," said Middlesborough, "but seeing that it is past three o'clock, and that, as I have already said, I am very tired, you must forgive me if I ask you to tell me, to what all this is leading."

The other held up his hand in mild deprecation.

"If you will refrain from interrupting me you shall know everything in a few moments," he answered. "I have often heard it said that you complain of the monotony of your life. With your permission I propose to remedy that defect."

As he said this he produced from his pocket a small leather case; from this he took a miniature. This he handed to the astonished young man seated before him, who glanced at it and then almost dropped it in surprise. It was none other than the likeness of the girl he had seen entering the Casino at Monte Carlo, on the night that he had first met Madame d'Espère; of the girl who had been his saviour in his dream, and whose identity he had in vain endeavoured to discover. He looked at it again. No, there could be no doubt about it. The likeness was unmistakable. There was the same expression about the eyes and mouth, the same high bred carriage of the head. He glanced from it to the man seated opposite him.

"It is a charming face," he said, endeavouring to give his voice a note of indifference; "still I do not see why you should bring it to me at this hour in the morning."

"Permit me to continue my explanation," replied the other. Then after a short pause he added, "That young lady is my daughter. She is motherless, and for reasons that do not concern this history, it is certain that any moment she may lose me. As you know by this time, my nationality is French, and, if you doubt it, I will give you good assurance that my birth is equal to your own."

He paused once more, whereupon Middlesborough interposed—

"If you will only come to the point it may facilitate matters," he said, still holding the miniature in his hands as if he were loth to part with it.

"I am about to do so," replied the stranger, without any sign of irritability. "Let me, however, assure you first, in case you should doubt it, that all I have to say to you is in the most deadly earnest. It is essential that there should be no misconception upon that point."

"I am quite prepared to take that for granted," Middlesborough answered. "Now will you kindly proceed?"

(To be continued.)

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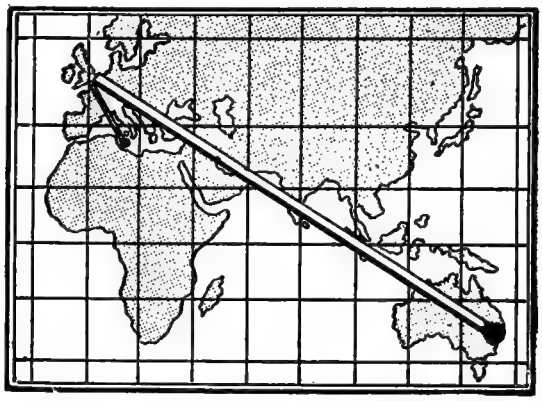

Fig. 1.—320,000,000 matches are used in the United Kingdom every day. If placed end to end they would form two lines, one reaching from London to Sydney, and the other from London to Malta—11,364 miles in all.

THE NATIONAL MATCH.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

THE average number of matches used daily by each inhabitant of the United Kingdom is eight (in 1830 this would have meant a daily expenditure of fivepence a head!), and what this means in the aggregate is best indicated by a glance at Figure 1. where we see two matches, one extending from London to Sydney, the other from London to Malta. By this diagram we wish to convey the fact that if all the matches used each day in Great Britain and Ireland were put end to end they would cover a distance of 11,364 miles, or, if they were laid along two tracks as the crow flies, one would extend from London to Sydney and the other from the Metropolis to Malta. A match by itself is not a very bulky article, but when you have to deal with 320,000,000, our daily supply, the pile becomes important.

Prodigious as the daily supply of matches is, it is a mere trifle when compared to our yearly match, and we own that, when we discovered that we had at our disposal over four million miles of it, we quailed at the prospect. Our first thought was to coil the giant Vesta about the Equator, but after a few dozen circuits, we found this a somewhat monotonous exercise, especially, as we reckoned we should have to circumnavigate the globe 166 times before we could completely get rid of it. Our second attempt to stow the National Match in a safe place is illustrated in Fig. 2, where the length of the match (though not its breadth) is drawn strictly to the same scale as the distance separating the earth from the moon, which luminary, it will be observed, the match unfortunately transfixes. The diameters of the earth and the satellite, it should be mentioned, are not drawn to the same scale as the length of the match—stick and the distance separating the two. Fearful lest we should do further damage to the heavenly bodies, we finally decided to cut the giant match into seventeen lengths, each 240,000 miles long, and with them bridge over the space separating the earth from her satellite. We should not recommend the bridge so formed to pedestrians, however adventurous, for its other dimensions, *i.e.*, width and thickness, would only be 2in. by $\frac{1}{8}$in., and if the thickness were increased to $\frac{1}{2}$in., then its breadth would be further decreased to $\frac{1}{2}$in., which would render it an unpleasant promenade for any but a slack-wire performer. It should be mentioned that even when the giant match was cut into seventeen parts, each 240,000 miles in length, there was still a trifle of 70,600 miles of match over to be wrapped round the Equator almost three times. When that duty was performed we had the satisfaction of knowing that the National match was safely stowed away.

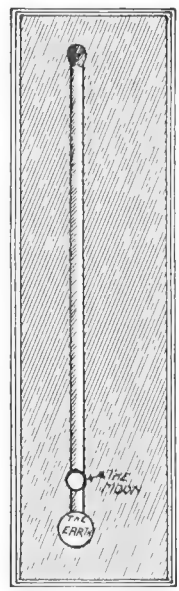

Fig. 2.—The matches used in the United Kingdom in a year, if placed end to end, would reach millions of miles beyond the moon.

If in place of putting the matches end to end we placed them in bundles with all their heads together, the area of match heads would extend to almost three hundred acres, that is to say, they would cover a piece of ground equal in area to that of the combined parks of St. James, the Green, and (almost all of) Greenwich, and, without doubt, the notices beseeching the public to "Please keep off the Match,"

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would, in view of the magnitude of the area covered and the danger of ignition, be rigidly obeyed.

In Figure 3, being desirous of occupying as small a space as possible with the bulky match, we took the 291 acres of matches already mentioned and tied them up in a neat little bundle, each of its dimensions being 133 feet (two cricket pitches end to end could just be got on the top), and in order not to hurt its feelings by making it look too small, we drew, to the right, two Cleopatra's Needles to the same scale, one on top of the other.

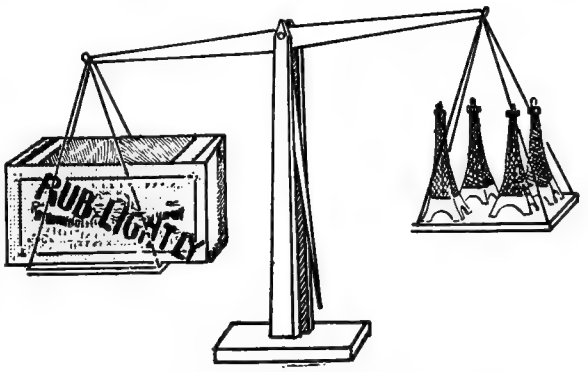

Fig. 4.—Placed in a scale the yearly match quite outbalances four Eiffel towers.

The National Match is a weighty, as well as an important, object. In Figure 4 we see that placed on the scales it quite outbalances four Eiffel Towers; indeed, to make the balance true, we should have to give as make-weight some object weighing as much as seventeen and a half Wellington Statues, such as the

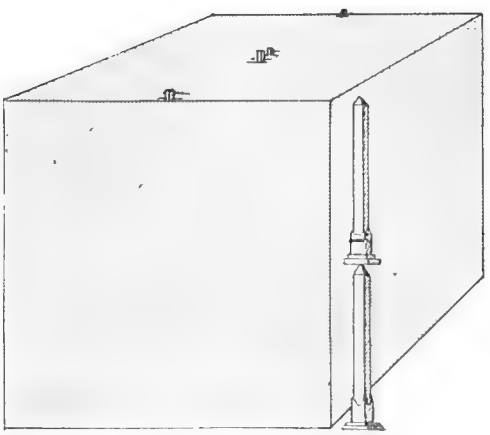

Fig. 3.—The yearly supply of matches, if packed into a solid cube, would measure 133ft. each way. Two cricket matches might be played on top. At the side will be seen two Cleopatra's Needles—one on the other—drawn to the same scale.

one that used to grace (?) Constitution Hill and now overawes Aldershot.

In countries where there is a match tax it is easy to arrive at the exact sum expended upon these useful objects, but in this country the value of the National Match is largely left to conjecture. Taking as a basis the figures given by the best authorities, and allowing for the increase of population and consequent increase in matches used, we arrive at the probable value which amounts to a column of sovereigns (see Figure 5) a mile and three-quarters high, or almost three times the height of the highest mountain in England (Scafell Peak). If we wished to make the money go still further—there is a good deal of it (£1,750,000), for the National Match in the aggregate is rather expensive—we might take the aforementioned column of gold in hand (it would only weigh thirteen three-quarter tons), and starting at Westminster Bridge, proceed *vid* Kingston (where the coins would come in very useful for paying fines if cyclists accompanied us on our task), and place the sovereigns, touching rim to rim, along the Portsmouth road as far as a quarter of a mile beyond Ripley. Our task of picking the coins up on the return journey would, we feel sure, be considerably lightened by the kindness of those wayfarers who pressed closely at our heels on the outward peregrination; as a matter of fact, 275 able-bodied tramps could carry off the thirteen and three-quarter tons of auriferous metal with comparative ease, and they would doubtless be perfectly willing to convert the 1,904 pints of sovereigns they garnered in into a considerably greater number of pints of liquid refreshment with all due dispatch.

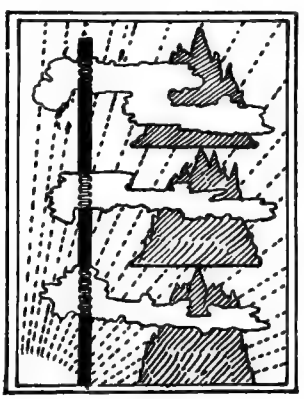

Fig. 5.—Taking the value of the matches used yearly in the United Kingdom, the sovereigns resulting therefrom would form a column a mile and three-quarters high, equal to three times the height of Mount Scafell.

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THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

INTRODUCTION.

Leslie Gordon is borne in a balloon to the home of Santa Claus. The Patron Saint of Children tells the story of his life, and then carries Leslie on his back to the town of living toys—Santa Clauberg—where he sees many marvels.

CHAPTER VI.

A ROMANCE OF THE EAST END.

The shipbuilding yards and engineering works of the busy East End, into which Leslie peeped before returning to the home of Santa Claus, in the beautiful flying machine of his host, proved to be even more interesting than the prettier portions of the toy city which have already been described.

In the yards situated on both banks of the river, toy vessels destined to gladden the hearts of hundreds of good children in all parts of the world were rapidly growing up under a multitude of noisy hammers, which crowds of doll workmen were swinging with a surprising amount of energy.

Tin plates, lifted from railway trucks by tiny steam cranes, were held in position for a moment by a gang of labouring dolls, and quickly rivetted to the skeleton ribs of the various craft by the mighty blows of the hammer-men. Toy ironclads were being provided with powerful clockwork engines, yachts painted and rigged; and a ten-ounce passenger steamer, decorated with flags, lay on the slips ready to be launched.

And in the engine-works dozens of tin locomotives were being fitted together at a truly bewildering speed; while many pairs of leaden wheels were trundled along the rails from the axle shed, and blue and yellow carriages rapidly furnished with lovely velvet cushions, padded doors, and hat-racks.

Then there were the dolls' clothing factories, in which scores of sewing machines, worked by hot-air-motors, were clicking merrily over long slips of dress material and dolls' jackets; the ordnance sheds, where brass cannon and spring guns were being manufactured at the rate of a thousand per day; the coachbuilding works, containing a remarkable stock of wooden and metal carriages; and the percussion-cap arsenal, in which all the workers are required to wear felt slippers, and to handle the dangerous slips of red paper with the greatest possible care in order to prevent a great explosion which might otherwise occur at any moment.

One toy out of every hundred manufactured in Santa Clauberg is laid aside for use in the town of toys; and one doll in every ten thousand is granted the wonderful power of life and movement. And when every ten thousandth doll is produced under the skilful hands of the artisans in wax and sawdust, there is great rejoicing in the town, because another baby is born who will one day become a useful citizen, these new arrivals taking the place of the unfortunate dolls who

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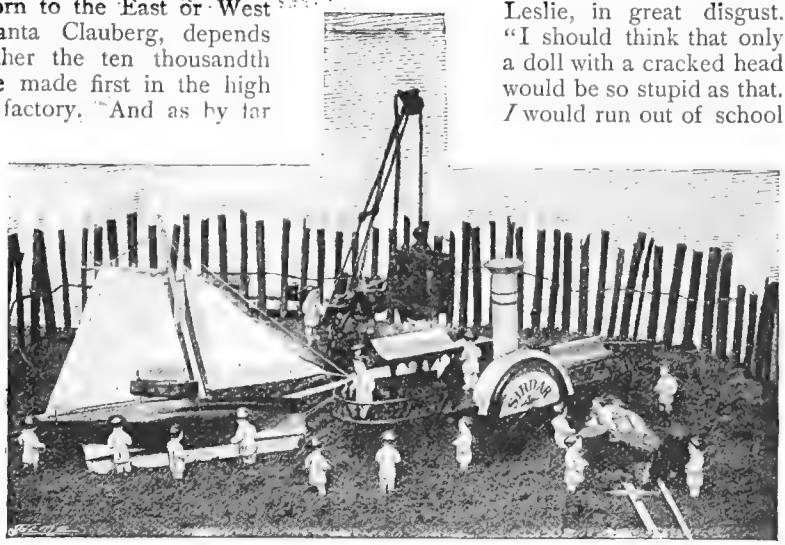
have been destroyed beyond the hope of repair by the accidents which occur on river and railway from time to time. Whether the new baby is born to the East or West End people of Santa Clauberg, depends entirely upon whether the ten thousandth doll happens to be made first in the high class or low class factory. And as by far the larger number of dolls manufactured are of the cheaper kind, a baby is much more frequentiy presented to the working population than to the people of the West End.



In the shipbuilding yard toy ironclads were being provided with powerful clockwork engines.

"I can tell you a very interesting story illustrating the faithfulness and industry of our working people, Leslie," said Santa Claus, after the flying machine had been navigated to its moorings on the summit of the mountain, and its two passengers safely landed at the snow-covered mansion, where a beautiful dinner had been prepared for them by the servant mannikins. "What do you think of dolls who were too busy even to look at a grand circus procession, or to visit an interesting menagerie which they had never seen before?"

"Silly!" exclaimed Leslie, in great disgust. "I should think that only a doll with a cracked head would be so stupid as that. *I* would run out of school to see a circus procession go by, even if I was caned on both hands afterwards, and put in the corner for a whole day."

They were weeping bitterly in the roadway among their furniture.

"Well, we won't argue about that, Leslie," said Santa Claus, with just a little smile on his face. "I asked for your opinion, and you have, at any rate, given it honestly, so I will just tell you what my dolls did. The circus was bought by a very rich doll named Ryder, who owned a whole street of houses and shops in the East End. He was not, by any means, a popular landlord, as he had frequently turned whole families of hard-working dolls out of their homes, and left them weeping bitterly in the roadway amongst a well worn set of furniture (which had been purchased for sixpence in more prosperous times), because they could not pay the high rent he demanded. Or he would engage an india-rubber auctioneer to sell the tiny tables, and chairs, and chests of drawers of his poor tenants to the highest bidder, spending the money so obtained on metal race-horses and on cardboard race-courses, where steeple-chases were

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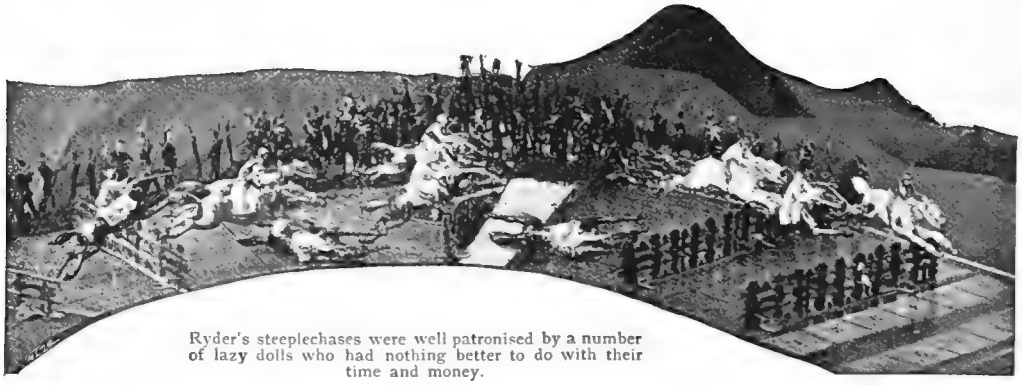


Ryder's steeplechases were well patronised by a number of lazy dolls who had nothing better to do with their time and money.

held, which were well patronised by a number of lazy dolls who had nothing better to do with their time and money.

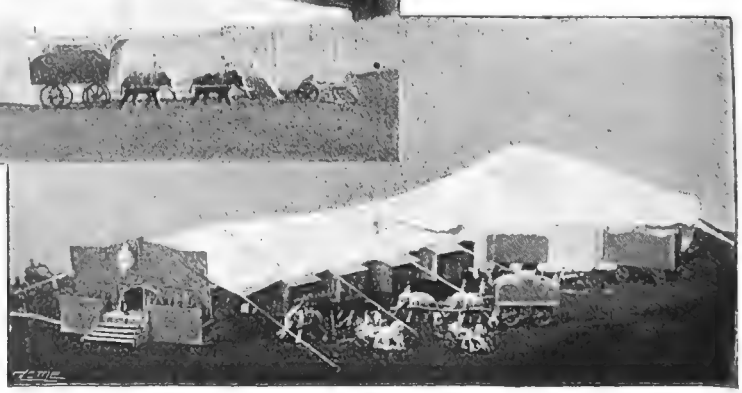
"And then Ryder bought his great circus and menagerie, spending the whole of his fortune upon a huge tent. and several troupes of performing horses and elephants, together with plaster-of-Paris lions and tigers, cotton-wool polar-bears, circus riders and clowns, and a grand clockwork orchestra, which could play eight different tunes when fully wound up. And the proprietor of this great concern advertised it largely by the aid of sandwichmen, in all parts of the town, feeling certain that every doll in the place would pay for a seat in his show as soon as the exhibition was opened, and hoping, by these means, to reap an enormous profit on the money he had laid out.

"So the great circus tent, which could hold five hundred dolls at one time, was erected on a piece of waste land that adjoins the poppy forest, and the vans containing the plaster-of-Paris beasts and cotton-wool bears were arranged in a long, double row, which extended right from the entrance of the circus to the big marquee itself.

"And the owner of the show was so confident that its many attractions would draw all the East-enders away from their work that he declared the exhibition open during the busiest month of the year, and sent a gorgeous procession, consisting of elephants, camels, and clockwork musicians, with gaily painted chariots and horsemen in great variety, through all the principal streets of the East End."

"Did the people pelt it with bad eggs and flour?" interruped Leslie, who had worked himself up into a state of great indignation as the narrative proceeded.

The great circus tent, which could hold five hundred dolls at one time, was erected on a piece of waste land.



The vans containing the plaster-of-Paris beasts were arranged in a long double row, extending from the entrance of the circus to the big marquee itself.

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"Or did they rush out of their houses and tear Ryder and his rubbish to rags?"

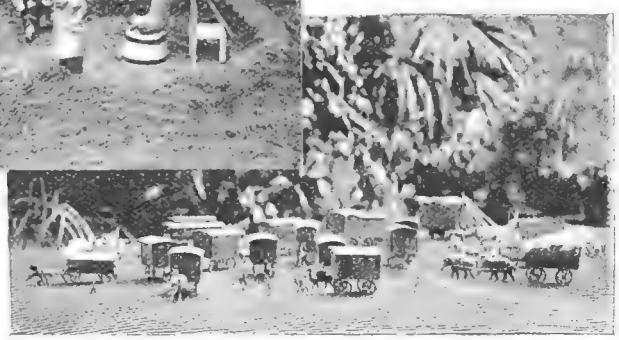
"No, Leslie, my dolls are far too well behaved to act in that way," replied Santa Claus. "They simply kept to their work, while the procession went jingling and braying down one empty street after another, with never a single doll to look at it! In vain the clockwork band played air after air, until the main-spring broke and scattered the musicians in all directions; in vain the elephants trumpeted and the lions roared. The workmen in the ship-building yards turned their backs on the procession; the shop-keepers drew down their blinds until it had passed.

"And when, in the evening of the same day, the great tent was thrown open, and the clowns and tumblers stood in the ring to shout 'Here we are again!' and welcome the expected crowd of sightseers, not a doll passed within twenty yards of the entrance gates."

"What did Mr. Ryder do then?" asked Leslie, clapping his hand with delight at the downfall of the unpopular circus proprietor.

"He was so angry, Leslie, that he shot a poor elephant which was performing a few tricks on a tub for its own amusement; and he knocked the tail off a plaster of Paris lion, and the hump off an innocent camel, simply because he fancied that he caught them grinning stupidly at the empty seats in the marquee. Then Ryder's show was quickly packed up, and a great storm which raged in the valley on the same night, blew the whole concern into the River of Carols."

Ryder shot a poor elephant which was performing tricks on a tub for its own amusement.



The show was quickly packed off.

"Was Ryder blown in with it?" asked Leslie, eagerly.

"He is still alive, Leslie," answered Santa Claus, gravely. "Did you notice a poor sandwich man, bearing an advertisement of the "Old Mother Hubbard" play on his back, and walking dejectedly up the main street of Santa Clauberg when you were there to-day?"

"Yes, I remember him, Santa Claus," replied Leslie, thoughtfully. "He looked the poorest, and the most unhappy of all the dolls. What about him?"

"He is Mr. Ryder," replied Santa Claus, sadly. "The people to whom he owed money sold all his houses by auction, and, after taking away the whole of his grand furniture, they turned him into the streets, in the same way as he himself had turned so many poor people out of their homes. What do you think of that, Leslie?"

"It served him right," was the prompt answer, "but I am just a little bit sorry for Mr. Ryder, after all."

CHAPTER VII.

VISIONS OF HOME.

For many weeks Leslie Gordon remained in the hospitable home of Santa Claus, visiting the town of toys daily, and returning to the great mansion to dine on the best of Christmas fare, and to sleep in the most comfortable and restful of beds. And while the south wind carried comforting messages to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon concerning the whereabouts and well-being of their absent child, the north wind continued to outline beautiful frost pictures on Leslie's window pane, to show him that the messages were received and understood by his parents.

Every night, after Leslie had said his prayers, he would gaze upon a charming picture of the dear homeland, with his dada and mamma seated at either side of the fire in the comfortable dining-room which he knew so well, and realise by the expression of their faces, that they were talking lovingly about

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The procession went jingling—

him. And Leslie would then sit up in bed, and wave good-night to the figures in the frost picture; feeling just a little homesick and lonely as the view slowly faded away, while all the mannikins who lived in his bed-room joined in the chorus of the lullaby of sleep:—

"Winds of night, to the dear homeland,
Whisper your message of hope and joy,
Which only a mother can understand,
Who longs for news of her absent boy.

A clever artist is old Jack Frost,
Who draws in ice on the window pane
The scene which comforts the traveller most,
And makes him dream of his home again.

A speedy postman the Winter gale;
A thousand messages carries he,
Quicker by far than the railway mail
Or the fleetest ship on the wildest sea.

Then sweetly sleep while the breezes roam
Over the waves of the moonlit sea,
Bringing visions of home, sweet home,
Where father and mother dream of thee."

This song, which was sang by the mannikin choir of the bedchamber to the sweetest and drowsiest tune our little visitor had ever heard, had been composed by an unbreakable poet during the first day of Leslie's visit to the Home of Santa Claus, and set to music by a doll musician who earned a comfortable living by teaching a large number of the tiny residents in the house to perform very creditably upon a three-and-sixpenny piano.

In the course of time Leslie became very well acquainted with all the doll and mannikin attendants upon Santa Claus, and he also came to know many worthy families in the town of toys.

But the time was rapidly drawing near when the little people of the house were to lose sight of their popular visitor for awhile. It happened in this way.

"How would you like to live in the town of toys, Leslie?" asked Santa Claus one evening, after he and his little friend had returned from their daily visit to Santa Clauberg.

"I should like it very much," was the answer, "if I could find a doll's house big enough to shelter my head. But I couldn't get even one leg into the hall of the largest, and I shouldn't like to stick my head through the drawing-room window, because there are no windows wide enough. And, even if there were, I am

The people to whom Ryder owed money sold all his grand furniture by auction.

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—and braying down empty streets.

afraid my great head would smash up the furniture inside."

"Quite right, Leslie," said Father Christmas, with one of his jolly laughs. "You wouldn't be quite comfortable in an ordinary doll's house, even if we could fold you up like a portable bedstead. I haven't forgotten how you caused a panic in the Grand Theatre, during the performance of Little Red Riding Hood."

"Nor I," exclaimed Leslie, joining in the laugh. "I only knelt down and put my face through the stage door and my head stuck fast! Then I stood up and shook the theatre until all the actors fell into the orchestra, and the dolls in the private boxes and dress circle tumbled into the stalls! And when my head came out with a jerk, there were four live dolls from the pit hanging on to my hair and screaming 'Fire!' Then, when everything inside the theatre was falling to pieces, the doll stage-manager shouted out, 'Keep your seats, please; there's no danger!' which was very brave of him, seeing that the building was full of mad dolls, and there were no seats left to keep. But why do you ask me if I would like to live in the town of toys, dear old Santa Claus?" concluded Leslie, climbing on to the knee of his host, and gazing wistfully into the beautiful eyes which never appeared tired or dull.

Leslie would sit up in bed and wave a loving good-night to the figures in the frost pictures.

"Because I am going to leave my home for awhile, little man," answered Father Christmas. "To-day is the last day of September, and I start to-morrow for my annual tour round the world.

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My largest flying machine is already packed with many thousands of Christmas presents, all of which must be left on the housetops of my friends during the next two months."

"When will you come back?" asked Leslie, with a pitiful little shake in his voice. "And when will you take me home to dada and mamma, Santa Claus?"

"I shall return early in December," replied Father Christmas, gently stroking Leslie's curls as he spoke. "And on Christmas Eve I intend to make a special journey to England, with a very beautiful present in my flying machine, which is just what a certain lady and gentleman in that country are longing for."

"You mean *me*, Santa Claus!" cried Leslie, delightedly. "*I* am to be the beautiful present which mamma and dada are wanting so badly! How lovely it will be to arrive home before it is light on Christmas morning, and to sit on mother's bed until she awakes and finds me there! Won't it be a jolly Christmas!"

A doll musician.

"I hope to see it in one of my frost pictures, Leslie."

"And you wish me to live in the town of toys while you are away, Santa Claus?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will be more comfortable, and less lonely in the warm valley, than upon this bleak mountain-top, my boy," was the reply. "Did you not notice that all the builders of Santa Clauberg were hard at work to-day on a house which is being built upon the summit of the Mountain of Mirth?

"The house, which is being built for a visitor, belongs to the people of Santa Clauberg," continued Father Christmas; "my people have called it Gordon Hall, and the name of the visitor is Leslie Gordon."

(To be continued)

The doll stage-manager shouted out "Keep your seats, please, there is no danger."

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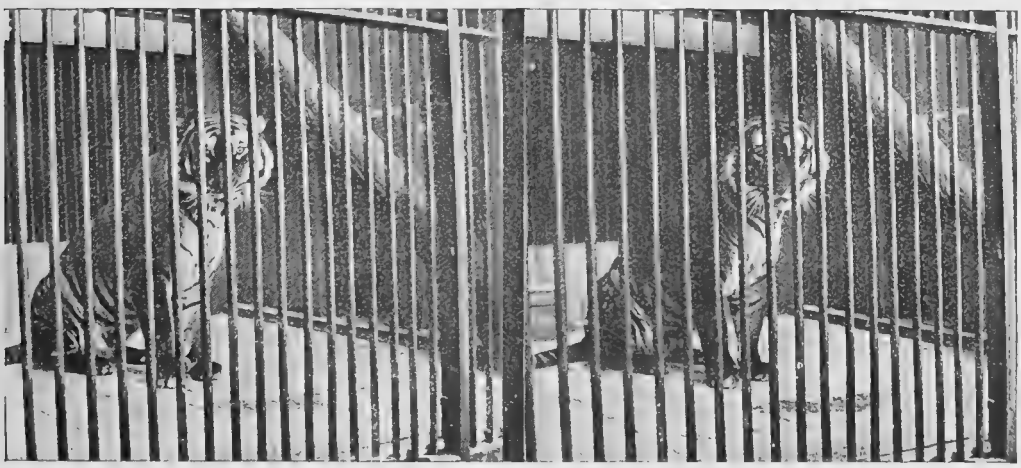
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

The Burmese Pagoda, Calcutta.

Red Indian Children at Home.



Resigned to his Fate.

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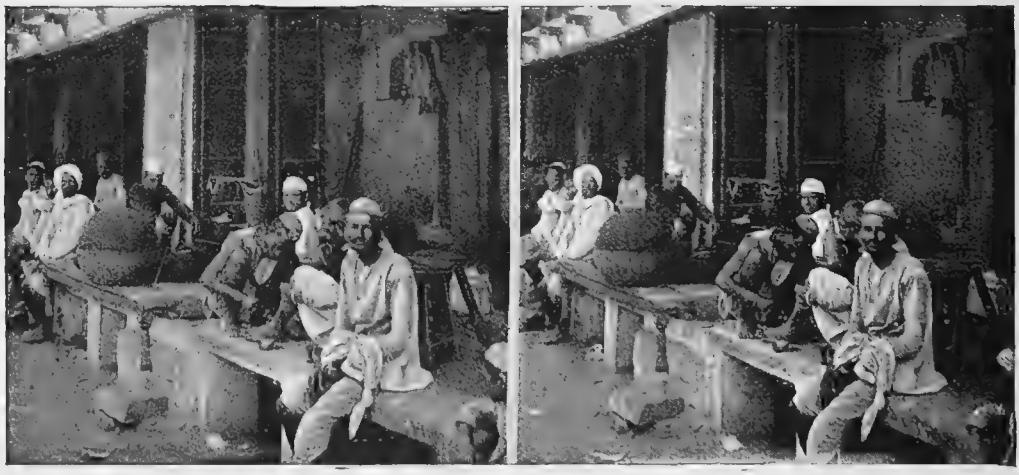
"Take a fellow in!"



An Indian Chiropodist.

Kipling's English Home.

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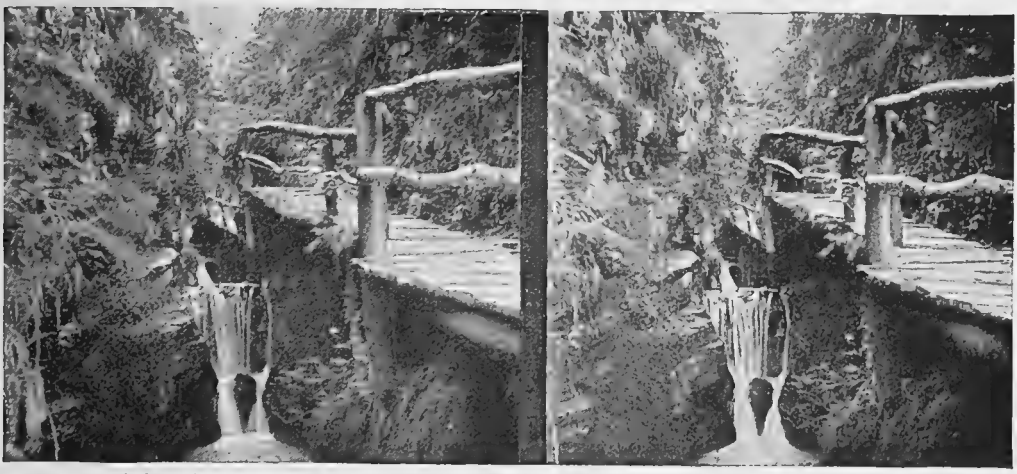
Queen of the Lilies.



A bit of Manxland.

Going to Market.

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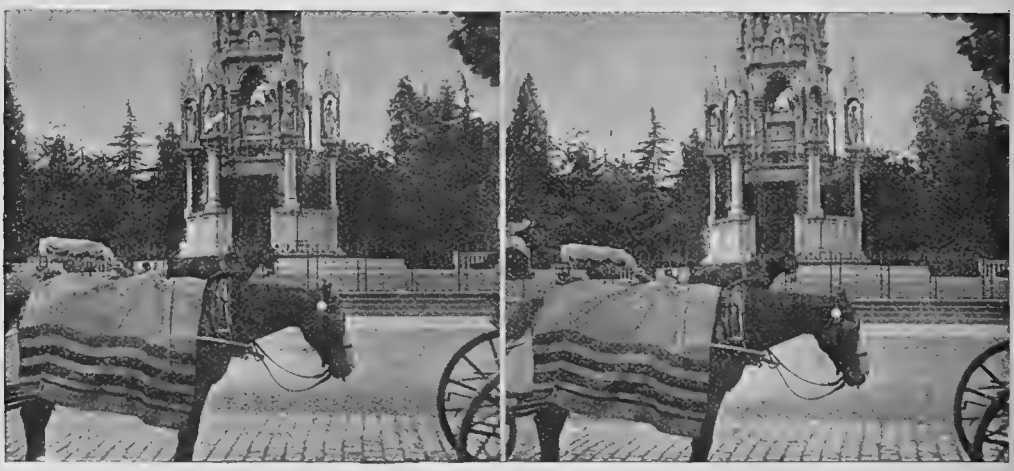
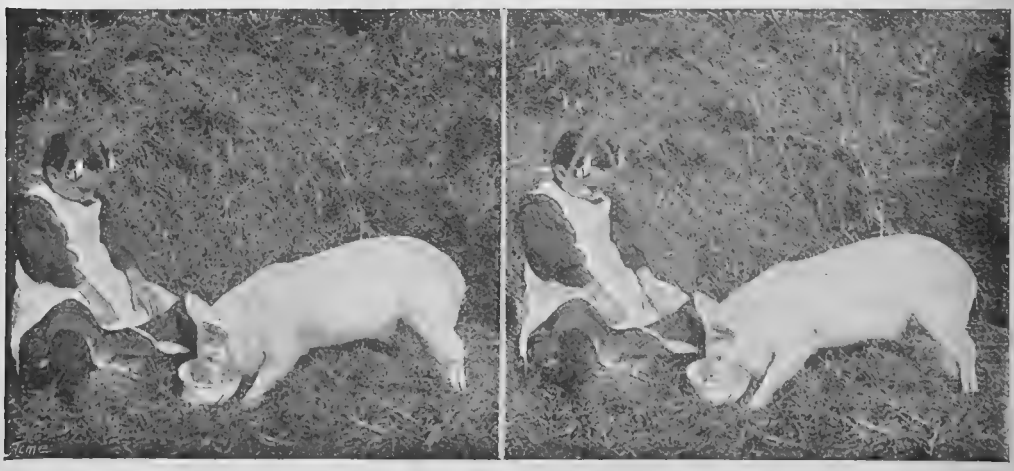


The Brunswick Monument, Geneva.

A Norwegian Homestead.



"Take a spoon, piggie!"

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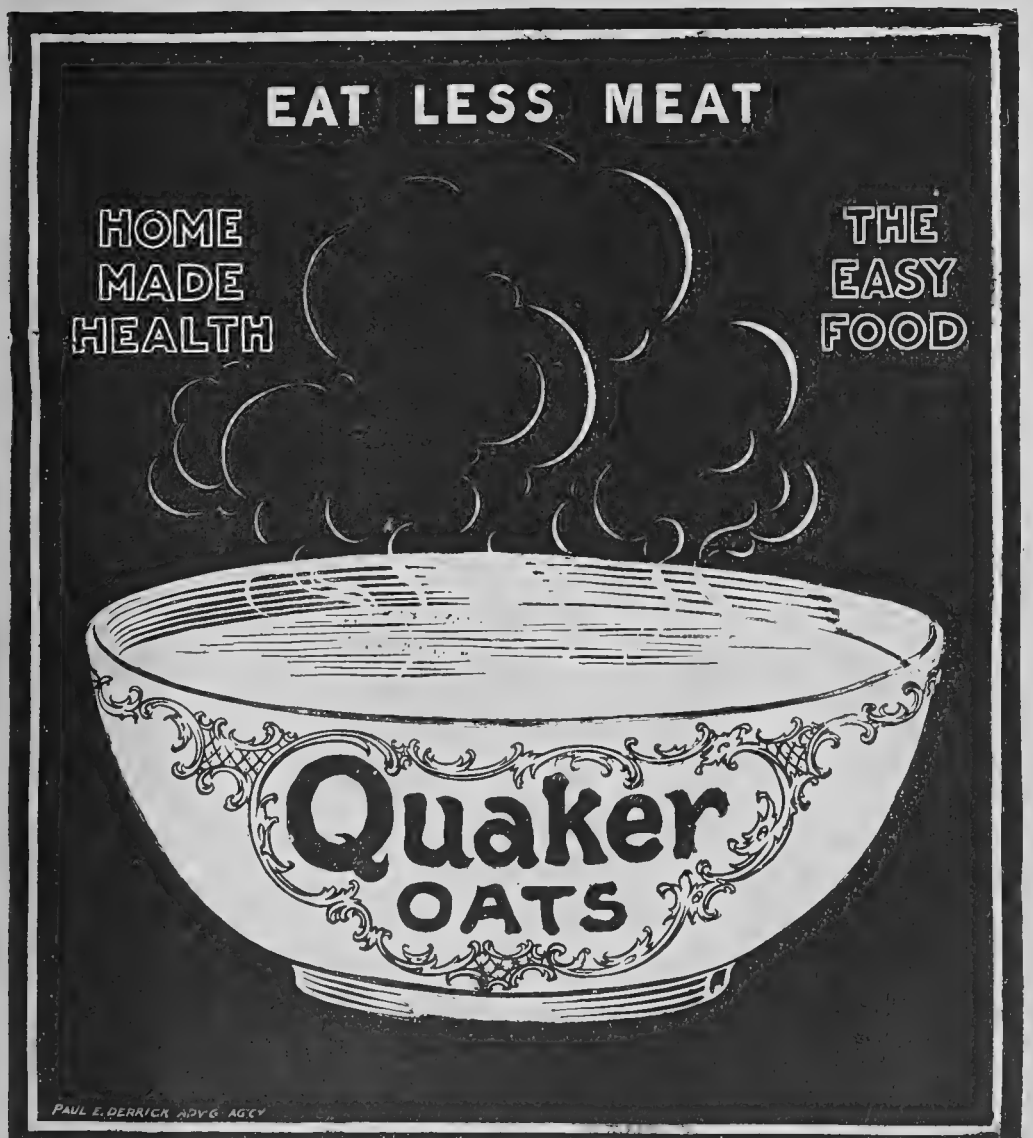

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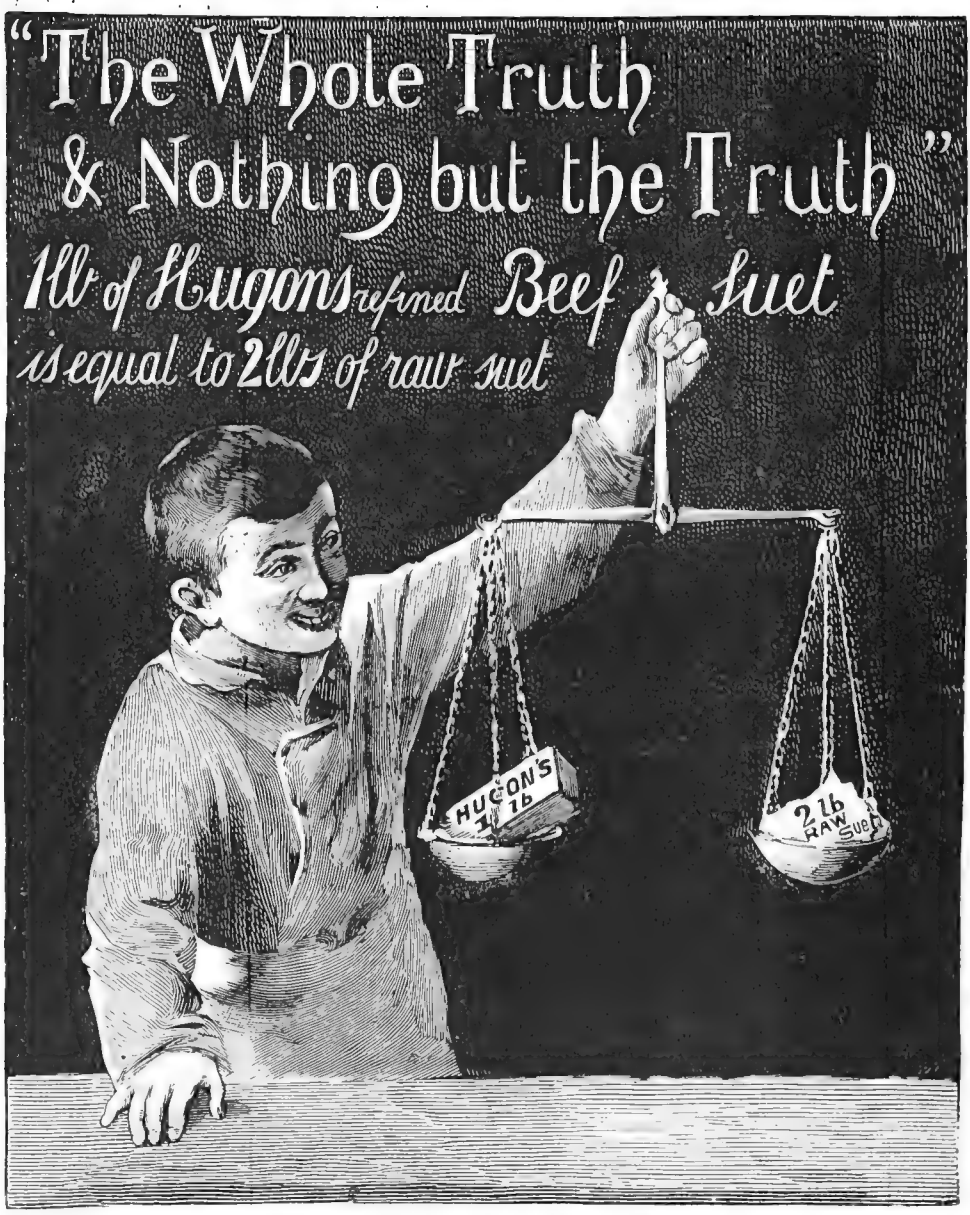

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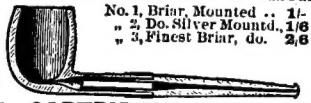

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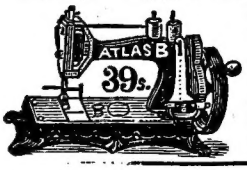

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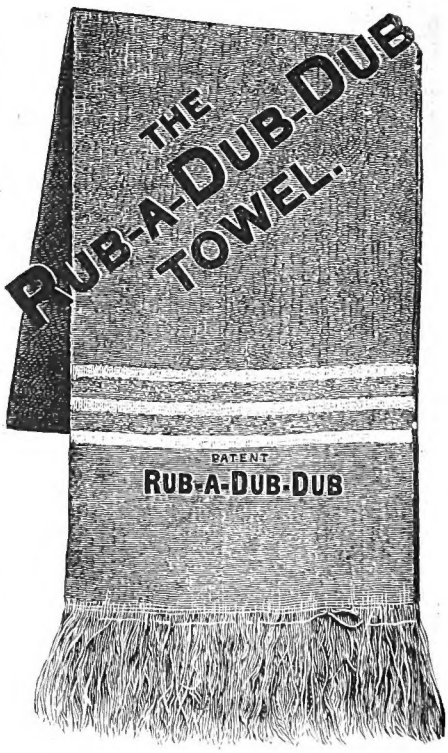

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CADBURY'S COCOA

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE

and untampered with, and can be taken with the greatest benefit in Childhood, in Youth, or in Old Age.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—Article on "Drugged Foods," June 4th, 1898—says:

"There is a general consensus of opinion that the addition of active drugs, belonging to the classes of nervine stimulants to beverages and articles of dietary in ordinary domestic use is not for the benefit of the community, and is likely in time to produce a deterioration of the public health. . . . . At the present moment we are beset by another danger arising from the addition of kola to certain articles of food. . . . . Kola has been found on analysis to contain 2·13 per cent. of caffeine. Caffeine is undoubtedly a useful drug when employed in suitable cases and in appropriate doses, but if taken habitually in large quantities it is capable of inducing an undesirable condition of over-stimulation of the nerve centres."

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